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## NOTES.

The Queen's eightieth birthday is an event which suggests stimulating thoughts, and has called forth an outburst of feeling more gratifying from its unanimity than its mode of expression. For it is given to few to express themselves well on occasions of joy and mourning, and even poets laureate have been known to descend to banality in a birthday ode. It is hard to suffer the deluge of drivel that has been flowing through the columns of the press during the last week, though we may console ourselves with the thought how much worse the American papers would be if they had a Queen's birthday of their own to write about. Perhaps the best written tributes of congratulation have come from the Continent, where the Queen's experience and ability as a stateswoman are fully appreciated. Our Sovereign's life is indeed an almost absolute guarantee for the maintenance of European peace.

Although no official assurance to that effect has been received, it is evident from the tone of the French press that the French Government will support Great Britain's demand for concessions to the Uitlanders. France is interested in the case of the Transvaal Uitlanders, though not, of course, so deeply as England. In the debate on the franchise in the Raad the terms "Englishman" and "enemy" were used apparently as coincident terms. The diplomatic assistance of France, therefore, would be very valuable, and would bring home to the minds of the Boers that the question of the Uitlanders' rights is a European as well as a British one.

The "Times" seems bent on making mischief between England and Russia over the Chinese question. Is it really in keeping with the traditions of English higher journalism to describe a formal diplomatic assurance given by Count Muravieff to our Ambassador in St. Petersburg as "characteristic," thereby implying that it is a lie? Even if the news be confirmed that M. de Giers has told the Tsung-li-Yamên that the railway to Peking will be made whether the Chinese like it or not, Russia is within the four corners of the agreement we have signed. It is merely feminine to call names now. It is curious that the two English institutions from which one might expect most stability, Consols and the "Times," are the two most sensitive to every breath of danger.

"The gentleman at the door," always a figure at the public meeting, was simply splendid at Lord Rosebery's Carshalton gathering—he fulfilled, in fact, the part of the Greek chorus. When Lord Rosebery asked his audience, in a dreamy dilettante way, What is the real advantage of being well off? the gentleman at the door bawled out, "You know it well, my Lord." After reading Lord Rosebery's little homily about the exaggerated advantages of wealth, we felt inclined to say, "Let us clear our minds of cant." It is quite true, as Lord Rosebery said, that a man can only eat one dinner, wear one suit of clothes, and ride one horse—at a time Lord Rosebery might have been reminded. Lord Salisbury said much the same sort of thing a short time ago; and in Lord Salisbury's mouth the saying had some, though not much, meaning, for Lord Salisbury is a man who really does not care what he wears, eats, or drinks, and who does not know whether his brougham is drawn by a *pur sang* or a mule. But Lord Rosebery is an Epicurean, who lives every day of his life, and from his lips this kind of moralising is downright, unadulterated cant.

Mr. Morley's description of Lord Rosebery in the Lydney speech as "a dark horse in a loose box" was witty, and, considering the provocation he has received, quite justified. Mr. Morley is a far more accurate historian than Lord Rosebery, and he was quite right in pointing out that "as before 1886" is nonsense. For the Liberal Party was quite as much divided at the time of the General Election in 1885 as it is to-day. Mr. Gladstone of course steamed off to Norway at the most critical period of the fight. But Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen led a regular crusade against the predatory Radicalism of Mr. Chamberlain, whom the "Times" denounced as a kind of enemy of society. Mr. Morley's weakness as a statesman is that he fastens on some small point, such as the throwing of the Mahdi's body into the Nile, or an anonymous letter from some young pioneer at Bulawayo, and makes it the ground for a serious diatribe.

Amongst the amiable nonsense that is being written about the Peace Conference at the Hague there is a good deal about the humanising of war by the better protection of private property afloat and on land, and by discouraging the invention of more and more destructive weapons. The objects of the Conference are, we presume, to prevent war being made at all, or, if that be impossible, then to bring the war to as speedy a close as possible. But the humanising of war, as it

is called, would have precisely the contrary effect. The way to stop war is to make it so expensive and so horrible that nations will think several times before going into it, and when in it will be anxious to get out. One of the greatest terrors of war, for instance, to the peoples of the Continent is the invasion of their homes by foreign soldiers, and the enormous destruction of private property. But if by international rules you make it impossible to reduce a garrison by famine, and you compel the invader to destroy nothing on his march, if in a word you reduce war to an exciting game of polo, from which the spectators suffer little or no inconvenience, there is no reason why we should not see a revival of the long wars of former times.

The period of suspense in Finland appears to be drawing to a close. In a very short time the Tsar's Government will have either to acknowledge that it has made a mistake or to take some step to render its usurpation effective. After over three months' minute examination of the Russian proposals for arbitrarily quadrupling the Finnish army and levying an additional annual contribution of ten million marks for the Russian army—all by way of proving the Tsar's devotion to peace and disarmament—the Committee of the Finnish Diet have this week agreed on a report definitely rejecting the scheme as unconstitutional in form and a violation of the fundamental laws of the country. Finland is prepared to submit to any increase in its armed force that may be reasonably necessary. The Diet suggests a doubling of the numbers, but it insists that whatever is done must be done in constitutional form, and that any alteration in the Military Law of 1878 except by "the concurrent decision of his Imperial Majesty and the Diet" is illegal and void.

Meantime, in order no doubt to feel his way, the Tsar has decided to send his uncle the Grand Duke Vladimir to "inspect the garrisons" from Viborg to Uleaborg. The Grand Duke has the reputation of being at once the ablest and the most unscrupulous of the Grand Dukes, and as General Bobrikoff, the Governor-General of Finland, was his tool in the comparatively easy task of crushing out the civil and religious liberties of the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces a year or two ago, he no doubt hopes to find the paths made straight for him at Helsingfors. But the Finlanders are a tougher and more determined race than the Livonians and Esthonians and the petty German squirearchy of the Baltic provinces, and it is still believed that Russia will hesitate before treating Europe to the open scandal of a flagrant breach of faith with the Finnish people, and that solely for the purpose of increasing her armaments in the very hour when the Tsar was calling a Peace Conference.

The rescript concerning the desirability of putting an end to penal banishment to Siberia is no news to those who have known what was going on in Russian official circles. With the advent of the railway the isolation and seclusion of Siberia are at an end. The escape of prisoners, well supplied as they often are with money, would become too easy, and besides the recurrent famines in Great Russia have proved the necessity of finding fresh ground for the settlement of Russian peasants, seeing that even the rich "black earth" is ceasing to respond to the primitive methods of tillage by the mujik. As regards Siberia, Western European opinion tends to rush to extremes. At one time we heard of it as a vast frozen torture-house where life was barely maintainable. Recently we have been told that it may become another Canada, the home of fifty million prosperous farmers. The latter tale is as absurd an exaggeration as was the former. The best expert Russian opinion is that there is still room in Siberia for seven or eight million settlers, and that will not do much to relieve the pressure of the hundred million of Russians if migration to any great extent be found necessary.

Already M. Blanc, the Préfet de Police, is planning precautions against the brawls that are bound to take place after the Cour de Cassation's verdict. His men, never tender, will have full license to act as they like ;

as on former occasions, their brutal insolence and zeal will aggravate the danger of the situation. A crowd excites them. They charge, seize, strike, arrest. The gentlest are hurried off to the nearest police station, where they are charged with uttering seditious cries and detained all night. Touching is it to see a mild little bourgeois marched through the streets, tearfully proclaiming his innocence, loudly deploring his fate. Ladies sometimes follow. Everyone suffers. No one is safe. Nor is this the only brawl M. Blanc will have to deal with. M. Déroulède's trial, now near, will see the ferocious members of the Ligue des Patriotes about, delivering, perhaps, revolutionary speeches from a heap of stones. More severe measures must be taken when Marchand returns. M. Blanc is bewildered, and busy.

Paris without postmen was described by its good-natured people as "bizarre" and "drôle." The humour of the situation at once amused them. Amiable philosophers, they laughed at that lack of letters with a heartiness that would have amazed and horrified the practical Englishman, and—laughed again when soldiers, each guided by a sergent de ville, delivered their correspondence and cleared the boxes with clumsy zeal. Letters went wrong ; papers never came. Wits drew pictures of a bonfire consuming the enormous collection of correspondence that had accumulated at the General Post. Only the banks, Bourse, and Bon Marché complained. Of course it would have been kinder of the postmen to have prepared Paris for their plot ; but being the worst-paid officials in the State, they may be forgiven their want of delicacy and consideration. It has not got them what they desired ; they have returned to their duties without increase of pay. But their resignation is only temporary. Unless their wages are raised, Paris without letters will soon be "bizarre" and "drôle" again.

Señor Sagasta, after losing caste in modern Spain—already a difficult feat—is now discredited even with the Spanish Liberal party. That perspicuous group has at last discovered, what had long been obvious to most of us, that, like one of Mr. Lowell's characters, he always owed allegiance to one party only, and that party himself. His former adherents, realising that he can never again introduce them to office, dwell bitterly upon the supremacy he ever accorded to his personal interests, upon the lack of principle which characterised his policy, and upon the cynical way in which he lately compromised their future. He it was who selected Señor Silvela as his successor, tacitly facilitated a Conservative reaction, and relegated Spanish Liberalism to an obscurity scarcely surpassed by its British equivalent. There have been times when, like Stambulov, Bismarck, Tricoups or Gladstone, he concentrated the aspirations of a zealous majority. Almost are we persuaded to coin a new proverb and say that professional Liberals never prosper. He is now out of the running and it becomes interesting to observe the development of Radical ideas in Spain. Señor Castelar's death may not materially modify the position. Castelar had become a name rather than a force, but he has disappeared at a moment when the absence of the restraints of Sagasta's Whiggery will give freer play to democracy in Spain.

The German minority in Austria is making a last desperate stand against overwhelming Slavs. Now for many years it has been on the down-grade and its arrogant attempt to make of Austria a German State, to consolidate a spiritual and political union with the orthodox Teuton, has been admitted to be unpatriotic. The programme put forward on the 20th of May embodies the utmost limits of German aspiration. Alliance with Germany is insisted upon and will no doubt continue, but subjection to Germany will meet with sturdy resistance. Without the famous fourteenth article of the Constitution, which provides for absolutism in the event of a deadlock, the Government of Austria would often come to a quandary, but as it is patience and tact may be expected to stave off disaster, at any rate until a demise of the Crown.

The situation in Belgium is arousing unnecessary anxiety. It is true that the new Franchise Bill has



excited vehement opposition throughout the country, and that even the more moderate members of the Left—Bara, Lejeune, Montefiore, &c.—are allying themselves with the apostles of disorder for a terrific bout of obstruction. But the King has an ample majority in both Houses and, if he will but remain firm, there can be no doubt of his carrying his point. Nor need he fear the menaces of revolution, which have not been spared him, for the high Tory party has already manifested its strength and devotion many a time with no uncertain sound. It is rumoured that he may give way at the eleventh hour, and that M. Vanderpeereboom will in that case be succeeded by M. de Naeyer, who has not received the appointment which had been anticipated for him in the Congo State. This would, however, be a deplorable concession and a step downhill, which no advocate of authority will encourage.

There seems to be some difficulty in securing the services of a sufficient number of skilled artisans for engine-room artificers in the Royal Navy, while those who have entered desire an improved position. It appears that no provision exists by which a select few of these men can rise to officers' rank and become engineers. May not this deter many from adopting a career which otherwise appeals to them? Promotion from the ranks has long prevailed in the Army, and to the ordinary individual it is not clear why the same privilege should not be accorded to the Navy. Of course the conditions of life in the two services differ considerably, but the progress of education has rendered possible a measure to which serious objections existed thirty years ago. The door of advancement should be sufficiently open to allow seamen and artisans to become commissioned officers under regulations which will ensure admittance to desirable candidates only. Such a custom has been found to work well in the French Navy. At any rate we do not find there continual agitation, and for the simple reason that the quarter-deck—like the field marshal's bâton—can be attained by meritorious conduct and special capacity.

In comparing the sea power of Rome with that of the British Empire to-day, Mr. Marshall hit upon a wholly happy idea for his lecture before the Royal United Service Institution. The power of Rome, unlike that of some other great empires of antiquity, was an enduring one. Then as now colonies could not be acquired or held without a strong navy—a fact sharply emphasised when our weakness in American waters led to Cornwallis being caught in the trap at Yorktown. Rome did not expand till she began to take lessons in naval warfare during the first Punic war. But by the time of the second she had learnt the art, and the presence of her fleet in the Gulf of Lyons was largely responsible for Hannibal's selection of the laborious route by which he advanced upon Italy.

Now that the Viceroy and his fellow-thinkers have gone to Simla, Calcutta has awakened to a new interest. An ingenious Sanyasi or religious ascetic has startled the Hindu community by producing an image of the goddess Kali with a pair of arms in excess of the liberal allowance of four hitherto enjoyed by her in Bengal. Her spouse Siva has been similarly promoted and enjoys a second pair. The novelty has caught on and is reported to attract large crowds. This distinctly ritualistic movement does not seem to have yet roused the opposition of the orthodox. We may however before long hear of a Hindu Kensit and a crusade which will end in police intervention and the usual questions in the House.

Any new facility for mining enterprise in India is a step in the right direction. There is, no doubt, much mineral wealth in the country waiting the application of capital. Explorers however would be wise to await some further details before commencing a stampede eastward. India is no Klondyke or Coolgardie where the first arrivals can peg out claims and forthwith sit down to work them. In theory the mineral rights belong to the State as proprietor in chief of all the land.

But this simple principle is complicated by the rights and claims of the agrarian landholders which exist nearly everywhere and the prospector has to make his own terms with them. Possibly the new rules which Reuter announces may give fresh facilities for enterprise in this direction. Possibly also they may be confined to the comparatively small areas in which the State is sole proprietor.

The Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, to give its full title to what is colloquially termed the "Bath and West," found a fitting home at Exeter on Wednesday last. The recent Somersetshire show was regarded as likely to have some bearing upon the Bath and West, as many of the exhibits were at both, but at Exeter several of the previous awards were reversed. The handsome "rubies," as the red Devon cattle are termed, were naturally strong, most of the best known breeders being represented; but other breeds of cattle were not so much in evidence. The classes for Shire horses were rather uneven; but the fact that Lord Rothschild and Lord Llangattock were among the prize-winners shows that there were some good horses in competition. Light horses are bred fairly extensively in the West, and the hunters and hacks were quite up to the average, and above it in point of numerical strength. It is satisfactory to find that there is a growing desire on the part of agricultural societies to encourage such industries as butter-making, shoeing, shearing, and milking.

The Report of the Joint Committee representing the Working Men's Club and Institute Union and the Federation of Working Men's Social Clubs, two organisations that comprise nearly all the important working men's clubs of London, is interesting, and should have some weight. It suggests reforms in the management of hospitals, chiefly with regard to the better organisation of out-patient departments, and asks for some principle of co-operation between hospitals and provident dispensaries. The Hospital Saturday Fund is put forward as specially worthy of the support of working men's clubs. The fund, apparently, has offered special facilities to the Club and Institute Union and the Federation in the way of representation on its committee and special terms with relation to hospital and convalescent home letters and surgical appliances. The conferences have proved such a success that they will be resumed next autumn, when the subject of the housing of the population of London will be taken up.

If the management of the Friendly Societies is not wiser than are their opinions on Old Age Pensions there is a ready explanation of some of the shortcomings they have been discussing at their recent conferences. A plenteous lack of wisdom has characterised them and they have contributed nothing of value to the questions at issue. As a matter of fact they are opposing one of the most practicable schemes hitherto devised, and their opposition is due to a completely illusory idea that by taking Friendly Society membership as a test of thrift precedent to the granting of pensions their proper business would be interfered with by Government in some mysterious manner. Mr. Chamberlain in his speech to the Oddfellows only repeats what we pointed out a short time ago as to the fallacy of this view. Their action so far not only shows a want of intelligent appreciation of their own interests but is an injustice to the people whom they should desire to assist as speedily as possible.

The most remarkable feature about "the Eights" at Oxford was the poor quality of the rowing of the crews in general and of the Balliol crew in particular. New College and Magdalen had some close races, but they were not up to the standard of the head boats of the last few years. Balliol had five of the University crew, and great things were expected of them; but although they could paddle well their performance in the races was extremely feeble. Of the others Worcester who made five bumps were the best. The art of applying the weight at the beginning of the stroke and of

working hard with the legs seems to be rapidly disappearing on the Isis.

The curt announcement in the "Daily Telegraph" of Wednesday that its Sunday issue would be discontinued was no surprise. Like its predecessor in self-extinction, the Sunday "Daily Mail," it was all along superfluous. Any credit which it might gain by publishing good news would be so much taken from the interest of Monday's paper. And it was quickly discovered that the revenue from advertisements was not increased on the week: the same total was divided among seven instead of six days. Any hope of profit, therefore, turned on the sale being so enormous as to make all the expenses except those of paper and ink and agents' commission only a nominal item in the account. But, as a matter of fact, the number of newspapers actually bought was far below the least sanguine computation. The distribution was not only costly: it was defective; and it could not be appreciably improved. How did it happen that sharp men of business like Sir Edward Lawson and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth fell into so great an error? Probably they were so proud of the weekly magazines which they chose to call daily papers that they thought the supply would create the demand. Well, we all make mistakes; and the wisest man is the one who repents most quickly.

We deal elsewhere with the decision of the S. Paul's Decoration Committee as announced by a Press agency. Writing shortly before this, Canon Scott Holland begged for some breathing space from the bombardment of protest which he, with the rest of the Chapter, has undergone. The request would have been more reasonable if the authorities on their side had observed the terms of a perfect armistice. Even now, so far from the pause for consideration being effective, the disfigurement of the third section is being completed, and it was the knowledge that this was going on that multiplied and intensified the outcry. We have evidence at last, in the decision not to attack for the present the fourth quarter of the dome, that our protests have had some effect, and we have no wish to harry needlessly either the Dean or Sir William Richmond, who it appears is ill in Spain. We only beg breathing space for Wren, before all traces of his design are obliterated, and due consideration of the unanimous decision of expert opinion against those decorations.

Lord Esher was a robust type of the great commonsense lawyer as opposed to the hair-splitting pedant. He was indeed impatient of technicalities of all kinds, and his knowledge of commercial cases was so vast and accurate that without referring to authorities he rapidly disposed of the most complicated cases in the Court of Appeal. For some reason or other he was supposed by the profession to have a weakness for the great ones of the earth. Nothing could have been further from the truth, for if ever there was a man who valued others upon their merits, and sympathised with the struggles of his less fortunate brethren, it was the late Lord Esher. He was intolerant of intellectual pretension, but he was very kind to patient merit. He interrupted counsel a good deal, but then he despatched business. In the Supreme Court of the United States, where judges never interrupt, the business is sometimes five years in arrear.

Blue-books are seldom attractive reading, but they who have toiled through the "Indian Summer" (for a Laureate's official productions are after all a kind of blue-book) must console themselves with the thought that it may be only a premature edition. The "Madrigal's" history has shown us that, at any rate when our Poet Laureate is out of England, we may always hope for something other than what appears in the first instance. The second state of the "Madrigal" masterpiece was certainly preferable to the former; it was more grammatical and had not got the year of the Queen's reign wrong. But perhaps we are judging by a false standard; may be court poets have their place, as had court jesters.

#### THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

THE British Public, anxious not to be unduly worried over its politics if it can help it, seems to be again preparing to go comfortably to sleep over South Africa. The excitement, which was beginning to grow up over the Transvaal a few weeks ago, is dying out again; and the general impression appears to be that everything is about to adjust itself quite satisfactorily in that "still-vest" region. The forthcoming meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and President Kruger is no doubt the chief cause for this revival of optimism—which, by the way, the Market does not seem to share either in London or Paris. Sir Alfred is skilful, adroit, conciliatory and firm; the President is no fool, and he must begin to see by this time that his No Surrender game has been played quite long enough for safety. Between them, these two very able men will surely hit off some arrangement which will keep those persistent Uitlanders quiet, relieve a worried Colonial Office of the worst of its troubles, and liberate the conscientious elector from further anxiety. Even if the whole question is not definitely and finally solved in the next fortnight, the way will be paved for a compromise, which aided by patience and the vis medicatrix of time will eventually put matters right. If this is the prevailing impression, it seems to us altogether too sanguine, and we should not be surprised to find that the nation will have another disagreeable awakening before long. The South African question is precisely one of those difficulties which cannot be dealt with by the solvitur ambulando method. As a rule we have no great belief in political surgery of the drastic kind. In nine cases out of ten, you do the patient more good by rest and tonics than by the use of the knife and cautery. But in South Africa we have carried our preference for the passive treatment too far. We have constantly been trying to leave things alone, and constantly failed. Most of our mistakes in that quarter of the earth have arisen from our reluctance to bestir ourselves and adopt a definite, active policy in time. We wait and drift, as we did over Cetewayo, over the Transvaal annexation, over the conventions, and over the Uitlander ferment in 1895, till it is too late, and something has happened, and we are forced to move in a hurry, and with unnecessary violence. We hope we are not about to repeat the familiar process. But if we allow the present crisis to evaporate, with nothing effected, in a cloud of delusions, we shall probably do so. We may take it that such is not the intention of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner on this occasion. But if they are to bring the business to a satisfactory solution, there may be some more unwelcome action before us than our optimists quite realise.

For what is that situation? The Uitlanders, having failed to obtain redress of their grievances by negotiation with Pretoria, now appeal to the Queen, as Suzerain of all South Africa, to set them right. Their petition is received by the Queen's representative, and transmitted to the Imperial Government, whose Secretary for the Colonies and First Lord of the Admiralty have stated publicly that the Johannesburg demands are reasonable and fair. Moreover Sir Alfred Milner has accepted President Steyn's invitation to meet Mr. Kruger, in order to discover whether the latter can make any propositions which Her Majesty's Government can recommend to the Uitlanders for acceptance. But what if it should turn out that Mr. Kruger has no proposals to make, after all? This is a contingency which is really not unlikely to happen. The President has, so far, only produced a franchise proposal which Mr. Chamberlain—with everybody else who understands the matter—considers a mere sham. A nine years' qualification for one Raad, not retrospective, and subject to any changes in the law which might be made in the meanwhile, is an offensive mockery. Yet even this beggarly concession has not been accepted by Mr. Kruger's legislature. The newspapers on Wednesday contained a full report of the debate in the Raad the previous day, as transmitted, in detail, for once in a way without curtailment or modification, by the Government censor. This unaccustomed liberality was obviously dictated by a desire



to let the world see what difficulties a reforming President has to contend with at home. The Old Boer Party was played for all it was worth. Never was there such a collection of pig-headed obstructives. The President's mild suggestion to let in a few more burghers was treated with derision, and he—"Oom Paul" himself—was accused of being a partisan of the English. In the end, the Raad decided to take the Government proposals into consideration "at the next ordinary session"—that is to say, a twelvemonth hence. Now if Mr. Kruger goes to meet the High Commissioner, with a blank negative to all positive proposals, we ought not to be surprised. We need not inquire how or why this conveniently obstinate Stalwart party was so seasonably unmuzzled. Their speeches and resolutions may furnish the astute old President with just the kind of argument that seems specious. "You ask me to grant a genuine franchise," he may say. "But what can I do? I suggest a half-hearted advance in that direction, and the representatives of the people at once revolt and refuse to listen to me. My burghers will not hear of it—at any rate, for a year. So we had better talk of something else—dynamite for instance, on which I have no doubt I can meet your mining friends." Of course, if that were to be Mr. Kruger's line, the Conference would be simply abortive. Sir Alfred Milner would have to declare that the civil disabilities of the Uitlanders lie at the root of the whole question: if Mr. Kruger cannot see his way to remove them there is no use to discuss the minor issues, which could all be settled without much difficulty, once the great standing grievance of the settlers is placed in the way of removal. If the President still holds to his non possumus, what is there left for Sir Alfred Milner but to go back to Capetown, leaving matters where he found them?

It needs no demonstration that this is not exactly a course of procedure that would add to the dignity and prestige of Great Britain. To all South African eyes it would seem as if the Empire has once more received a rebuff from the Government of the Republic. Her Majesty's High Commissioner would have travelled to Bloemfontein to beg from President Kruger some necessary concessions for British subjects, only to be coolly informed that his Honour is sorry he cannot oblige! It seems obviously impossible that Sir Alfred Milner will put himself in the way of tamely acquiescing in this rebuff; and we must assume that the High Commissioner will go to the Orange Free State armed with definite and stringent instructions. If the interview leads to nothing, the situation will be worse than ever, and we shall have put ourselves in the way of sustaining needless humiliation. Mr. Chamberlain must know this; Sir Alfred Milner, we may be sure, knows it very well. The High Commissioner ought to be in a position to do a good deal more than merely make himself the recipient of Mr. Kruger's refusal. The time has come when he should be able to present the President with—we will not say an ultimatum—but with certain definite alternatives, one of which Her Majesty's Government expects to see carried into effect. He may say to Mr. Kruger: In the interests of South African peace and good order, the Paramount Power requires you either to grant autonomy to the Rand, or to admit the Uitlanders to the full suffrage with, say, a five years' residential suffrage. You may adopt which arrangement you like; but one or the other we must ask you to take; and without further discussion, we shall request you to give us your definite answer by such and such a specified date.

If this line is not taken, and Her Majesty's Government once more retires tranquilly before Boer opposition, we have the old situation: the Pretoria oligarchy and the enormous Uitlander majority, seething with discontent and anger, left face to face again. But if that was the intention of the Colonial Office, it is very much to be regretted that it has actively interposed in the matter during the past few months. If it did not mean to insist on obtaining burgher rights for the Rand population, it should have left the mining magnates to settle with Pretoria. The Lippert-Rouliot negotiations were broken off, because the capitalist representatives refused to accept the industrial reforms they require without also gaining political equality for the general

body of Rand residents. If they had been clearly informed that they had no support to expect from the Imperial Government, they could have come to their bargain with the Executive, and rested perforce content with such electoral concessions as Mr. Kruger may have been disposed to grant. For the Colonial Office to have intervened at all without intervening effectually, merely intensifies all the difficulties; and one cannot be surprised if the Uitlanders should begin to feel, as they did after the utter falsification of the hopes, raised by the Queen's representatives when they surrendered their rifles in January 1896, that if Her Majesty's Government can do nothing but disarm them in the face of their enemies, it had better leave them alone altogether. The Bloemfontein Conference had far better not be held, if it is to result only in another futile Imperial remonstrance and another exhibition of Boer arrogance.

#### PEACE AND RUMOURS OF PEACE.

THE diplomatic picnic which has been inaugurated so merrily at the "House of Bosh," will scarce merit serious attention from us either here or hereafter, but the subject of peace has occupied many minds before entering that of the Tsar, and is always academically interesting, like predestination, flying machines, or, let us say, the date of the end of the world. We may therefore permit ourselves a few plain reflections quite apart from the credibility of His Majesty's belief in the millennium and from his new proverb, *Si vis bellum, para pacem*. Human or national nature is an effective barrier to any immediate prospect of beating swords into ploughshares, and we may safely ask: What peace, so long as the armaments of all the Russias continue to be augmented? Of the favourite schemes two are capable of reasonable discussion, and we may set them up as Aunts Sally. The first follows a legal, the other a duellist's analogy. It is claimed that an international tribunal might be erected with plenary powers for the settlement of international disputes. It would most resemble a parliament engaged upon the trial of election petitions, in which case party and individual prejudices usually outweigh right and justice. Or it would consist of mere arbitrators, who would probably be partisans and, if loyal to their clients, would never agree. Really impartial judges would be well nigh impossible of discovery, and the only alternative seems a trial in which the jury should sit on the bench as well as in the box, wear counsel's wigs, invent a code in the course of a sitting, subordinate equity to the prejudices of iniquity, and exaggerate the obiter dicta of Alice in Wonderland. The utmost ideal is an appeal to the Captains-Regent of San Marino, the Prince of Monaco, the President of the Swiss Republic, or others with equally sexless minds, for judgments which neither their independence nor their authority would render respectable. And what sanction could such judgments command for their enforcing? Having bought your Swiss President or bullied your Captain-Regent, how will you enable the poor man to execute his verdict or his prisoner? One pleasant proposal is that, beside the international court, we shall start an international police. Each constable state would don the livery of the peace-dummy and would wield its bâton, break pates, clap on handcuffs, and cry "havock" throughout the world with breathless zeal. But this notion of regarding nations as individuals and placing them under their own corporate jurisdiction, if pushed to a logical conclusion, will soon be reduced to the absurd. If we are to have law-courts and policemen, we must have prisons or at least punishments, and we should have workhouses, reformatories, educational establishments, and even lunatic asylums also. Argentina would be sent to a sponging-house, Greece be pronounced non compos mentis, the United States flogged for brawling and lynching, France fined a colony or two for outrage aux mœurs, Germany confined to a fortress, and Italy subjected to the tutelage of a family council for extravagance. Really, the proposed millennium<sup>a</sup> does not merit serious criticism. Its very enthusiasts have already buried it in ridicule by the absurdities of

their advocacy. An "eminent professor of international law," interviewed by the correspondent of a daily newspaper, revealed the details of a code, "well considered and carefully drawn up by eminent jurists," and among its provisions we remark one scarcely less ludicrous than those which we have just enumerated in jest. "Nations," quotha, "shall have the right to place any nation which causes harm to others by the extravagance of its expenditure . . . under the control of an administrative council"! Need we further witness?

The most hopeful analogy is that of a school rather than of a parodied theocracy, or shall we say eireno-cracy? The big boys, moved by a soul-searching address by Dr. Barebones of the Threadneedle Temple, meet in the Fourth Form Room and unctuously agree that fighting, far from developing the manliness of a hobbledehoy, is but a shocking relic of barbarism. Accordingly they announce that any lad indulging in fisticuffs shall receive a "jolly good licking." What is the result? Piping times perhaps for a fortnight, then the proposed castigation of a favourite offender sets the various promoters of peace by the ears and, instead of isolated conflicts, there is a general mêlée. Those who call for a "war against war" seem to forget that it must involve real warfare both in its inception and in the remote event of its realisation.

A more modest analogy is that of the duellist. At present, we are told, nations dwell in the rude barbarism of the American bar, where the first to draw his revolver starts with an enormous advantage. It is proposed to substitute the punctilios of the duello and, while countenancing combats when properly provoked, to trust that formality will prove the mother of delay and the grandmother of reconsideration. But nations are not individuals any more than analogies are arguments. A private quarrel gains in decency by deliberation and may sometimes be appeased, but the differences between peoples or races are on quite another plane. As well might we construct a code for the bull-ring on the strength of an experience of rattling. It is very rare that a war is declared out of mere petulance, and the nomination of any number of courts of honour would be of no avail to avert strife when honour or existence was at stake. Given two nations whose development is only possible at the expense of each other and an eventual conflict is inevitable. As analogies seem the order of the day, let us take that of two young trees at close quarters in a shrubbery. Either one must be destroyed or the growth of both will be stunted. No doubt arbitration might decide that, in the opinion of certain prejudiced parties, one of two countries was the more deserving of life, but is it likely that the other would acquiesce tamely in a sentence of death? The analogy of the common convict only serves to explode the whole machinery of analogies between individuals and states.

There is yet another consideration, which does not seem to have attracted the attention it deserves. For the sake of argument we will borrow the methods of Euclid and say: Let it be possible that universal peace can be enforced. The result would be to petrify the present status quo, both territorial and dynastic, unless the prodigious task of revising it were undertaken as a preliminary, in which case peace might be regarded as adjourned sine die. As for the present status quo, there are few people indeed who would welcome its permanence. Many would protest against France being doomed to remain a corrupt republic for ever, against a final burial of the hopes of Polish patriots, against the retention of Schleswig, Elsass, Bosnia, and a hundred other territories by their present holders. Even though the various questions could all be settled to-day, new developments would soon breed new grievances; international litigation would become chronic. The barbarism of chivalry would at best be superseded by the pettifoggery of a sharp attorney.

#### S. PAUL'S: AN ARMISTICE.

THE Decoration Committee met on Monday 15th and a communication appeared in the papers of Thursday 25th purporting to give their decision to the public. This decision is to remove the stencilling, to

complete the panelling of the third section, and to leave the fourth for the present untouched. We judge that their hope is that they will be allowed to proceed with the scheme minus the stencilling. Let us assure them at once that they are mistaken if they think such a compromise will satisfy the opponents of the scheme. We have insisted from the first on the unreality of the concession about the stencilling; the glass panels are still more offensive, still more destructive of all dignity of effect; if the committee is not yet convinced of this very obvious fact the battle must begin again. The architects' memorial is conclusive as to the weight of instructed opinion on this point; professional etiquette has not prevented the late surveyor of the fabric Mr. Penrose from joining with the soundest and most brilliant of our architects in condemning these trivial ornaments. It is not, be it observed, a question of Byzantine or not-Byzantine, Renaissance or not-Renaissance, but of glaring incapacity on the part of a designer to understand and respect the forms and spaces with which he has to deal. Nothing will be satisfactory short of clearing away the whole decorations under the dome (lettering, stencilling, and glass panels), and filling in again the stone when it has been cut away. Moreover we hope there will be no talk of Sir W. Richmond's continuing, in a modified form, his scheme for the dome or the rest of the church. He has filled the choir with his work. That is a great deal more than enough. Not an inch more of Wren's work should be trifled with, and a surveyor better fitted for this particular post than Mr. Somers Clarke ought to be appointed.

While stating firmly our objection to any compromise we welcome the action of the committee in agreeing to a pause, and hope that the weight of expert opinion, unmistakably backed by general consent, will prevail through them on the Dean and Chapter, who it must be admitted have been placed in a difficult position. They have understood that there was a general desire to have the church decorated. An enormous sum of money has been subscribed from first to last (the history of the thing goes back to 1858) and this money acts as a kind of glacier, insisting on spending itself. The committee has come to be a very amateur committee, and the Dean and Chapter, themselves not experts, could not very well judge of the value of its advice. They would only be to blame if, now that a strong and unmistakable light has been thrown on the subject, they persisted in a mistaken scheme. A natural incredulity may have led them to hesitate at the outset; only false pride could now stand in the way of the frank avowal of a mistake.

We trust then that the decoration scheme will be finally abandoned, that the dome, nave, aisles and transepts will be left plain. It is the only safe course, and the one course on which all can agree. If the committee still have funds in hand they could not expend a small sum better than in completing the Duke of Wellington's monument. In that monument the church will have an incomparable ornament. Our inquiries about the model for the equestrian figure disclosed the fact that it is the property, not, as was supposed at the Cathedral, of the Chapter, but of Mr. Stannus the author of the *Life of Stevens*. Mr. Stannus, it appears, has carefully guarded the head and would evidently welcome and forward any proposal to complete his master's work. We once more then urge this as a first claim on the decoration funds. Beyond this it might be as well to clear away the paint that still covers with a dirty brown the stonework in the drum of the dome, and remove at the same time the staring white marble statues recently placed in niches above it. If money still remains let it be spent, as so much of the money raised has already been well spent, on music. The perfect and frequent performance of masterpieces of sacred music is the best form of interior decoration modern times can supply for Wren's temple, and the throngs of willing pilgrims who would come to listen under those quiet vaults would bless Dean Gregory and his Chapter not only for what they gave but also for what they had withheld.



## DISASTERS AT SEA AND THEIR CAUSES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast improvement made in all appliances for ocean navigation since the introduction of steam, periodical disasters indicate either that the methods of their use are faulty or that much yet remains to be done to secure the safety of those who go down to the sea in ships. If we do not hear so often now of vessels foundering from stress of weather, or leaving a port never to be heard of again, the cases of running on shore seem to increase rather than diminish. The explanation probably is that the very facility which steam affords for making a port, and for allowing the land to be approached at a distance which the sailing ship would not venture upon, has created a feeling of over-confidence. A slight error in calculating the current or tide puts the vessel on the rocks, while less frequently it may be due to small errors of the compass. Steamers travel from point to point hugging the land, an excellent plan if every precaution be taken. Unfortunately experience shows that precaution is too often wanting. Sounding, formerly a laborious operation and requiring the vessel to be stopped, can now be carried out at high speed with an equal certainty as regards result. Yet a sure evidence of proximity to the land which the depth of water reveals is frequently disregarded with disastrous consequences.

The increase of speed in modern steamers is another element of danger especially in narrow waters and when fog prevails. In the case of the "Stella" it clearly caused her loss. It used to be a rule at sea that all vessels should proceed at a moderate speed in a fog. A speed of 18 knots certainly cannot be considered moderate. Competition and a reputation for speed will often lead a captain to find excuses for a course of action which, without such a stimulus, his seamanlike instinct would reject. By day and in clear weather high speed even in narrow waters is not dangerous; but the English Channel at night, and in fogs, is not the place for vessels moving at rates double those maintained by the ocean tramp. It will probably become necessary shortly to have special regulations for a thoroughfare which year by year becomes more crowded with shipping. In any case it is impossible not to sympathise with Admiral de Horsey's sailorlike denunciation of the ignorant and reckless navigation that has been responsible for so many recent wrecks.

The stranding of the "Paris" not far from the Manacles Rocks where the "Mohegan" was shipwrecked last October will no doubt increase the demand for additional lightships and fog-signals. Magnetic attraction in that particular part of the coast affecting the compasses of approaching ships is a theory often held to account for what is otherwise inexplicable—as when the "Serpent" was lost—but a knowledge of magnetism and its extremely local influence should dispel the idea. The truth is that the multiplication of the lights round the coast will not counterbalance carelessness. We require a greater sense of responsibility in those entrusted with the lives of passengers and crew. Though nothing can exonerate a captain who acts rashly or neglects the simplest precautions, the public and the age in which we live must share some of the blame. In all matters the pace is being forced. This is especially so with travelling. To cross the Atlantic in a few hours' less time assumes an importance in the minds of the majority out of all proportion to the advantage derived, while the demand induces competing companies to look with leniency upon practices which otherwise would be sternly discountenanced. These remarks are not intended to apply to any particular instance but to ocean navigation generally. We do not profess to explain how the "Paris" leaving Cherbourg for America ran on shore east of the Lizard. It may have been from causes beyond the control of man, and if so we hope it will be clearly established. There will of course be a full inquiry, but in the meantime the due observance of all rules for navigation should be insisted on. Such rules should be drawn up with a precision that would render evasion exceedingly difficult, and when an infringement is proved the penalty should be more commensurate with the offence—possible consequences being borne in

mind—than has hitherto been the custom. It is hopeless to attempt to entirely remove the dangers of travelling at sea, but more stringent precautions may considerably lessen the record of disaster.

## THE PEOPLE AT PLAY.

THE recurrence of a Bank Holiday must always leave even the most fervent admirer of the populace a prey to mingled feelings. No doubt we all rejoice that the weary toiler (if indeed he has survived until this easy age), the amiable apprentice, the suave solicitor, and the blithe butcher-boy should be free to make merry with their friends; for one thing, it is pleasant to find a fresh excuse for discussing the weather, and that with an air of cheap philanthropy. There may even be some altruists who grudge not that they must spend the day indoors, fearful lest a bibulous chorus may come betwixt the wind and their nobility; who indulge vulgarity and riot with the same smile that they lavish upon a spoiled child; who gladly suffer tainted meats and belated correspondence for the sake of the people's bread and games. Of such stuff are true Friends of Humanity made, and from them the neediest knife-grinder will not vainly crave his sistance. But when the day is done and the hiccoughs of the last char-à-banc have died away upon the East wind, there come a vague uneasiness, a melancholy searching of hearts whether or no the leisure has been well employed. This in no spirit of Puritan cant, with no sour aspiration that, if men be merry, they may be content to sing psalms, but from a sincere desire that the revellers may make the most of their rare opportunities of revelry. After all, amusement is an art, one of the most subtle, of the least understood; and we who appreciate it have surely some responsibility for the shortcomings of those who have not learned its lessons. Doubtless the question of temperament has its influence: the modern Englishman is unemotional to a degree which makes easily lachrymose foreigners stare; he may take his pleasures sadly and yet find pleasure in his sadness. We do not invoke a comparison with the strident treble of the French fêlard, sodden by weak claret and water, with the guttural growls of a Rhenish beer-garden, or with the sparkling ripple of those bright beings who dance the kolo, the fandango or the saraband. We eat beef, we drink strong ales, we are ruddy and healthy and muscular; the feminine graces of the Slav and the Latin are as alien to us as the bovine beatitude of the Teuton. But within our limitations we have ample verge for expansion. We have grown a dour folk; generation by generation we permit matter to encroach more and more upon mind. Is it not high time to make a stand and deliver our more joyous selves?

We may at least console ourselves with the reflection that it was not always thus. The days of maypoles and morris-dancers seem strangely remote, but they reflected a temperament which cannot have vanished entirely. Indeed a faint flicker of the old fire still lingers in a few remote retreats: Flora Day is even now kept half apologetically at Helston, though only a sorry remnant continues to dance in and out of the houses to the old familiar tune; Royal Oak Day is still the occasion for a quoit-match at Hemingford Gray; the famous flitch of bacon continues to be awarded by a jury of young men and maidens at Dunmow. Can we not fan the embers of such old-world jollity? The people are ready to applaud and enjoy, or they will learn with due encouragement, but they can neither imagine nor organise for themselves. They are degenerating into mere machines which turn out an allotted tale of work and blow off steam four times in the year in obedience to an Act of Parliament. We would breathe a breath of life into their chains and wheels, but we doubt the capacity of our lungs for the task.

Bethink you how long the tyranny of uniformity has reigned supreme, how the agglomeration of cities has choked every gasp of individuality, how harshly utility has dealt with fancy, how colour has forsaken clothes, how even scenery has fallen into a decline. Is it surprising that long hours of monotony—say, the manufacture of gross upon gross of cardboard boxes in

feverish competition with the relentless march of a clock's hands—should leave deep lines of care upon the soul; that minds nourished with snippets or stimulated by a theatre of varieties can find no appetite for simple, gentle pleasures: that men and women who have never seen the sea and the mountains prefer the atmosphere of a pothouse to the vigorous breezes of heaven? Nor are our peasantry much better equipped for developing the sense of enjoyment: though living cheek by jowl with nature, in hourly communion with the birds and the rustling trees, their senses are blunted by long vegetation and they remain unedified. To these who sit in darkness must we preach a new gospel of hedonism, and slowly, patiently, laboriously unfold the possibilities of a merrie England.

As a preliminary to emancipation, we must agitate for a revision of the holiday system. To toil and moil all day and every day, with relief only taken in a quarterly orgy, is about as reasonable a proceeding as total abstinence all the year round varied by disgusting intemperance at Christmas. What must be fostered is the habit of finding exhilaration and relief in every possible direction and on every possible occasion. As it is, numberless opportunities are neglected. The question of Sunday is a delicate one, but, without irritating the least Sabbatarian prejudice, we may venture to urge that the most is not made of the weekly respite. A day of rest is all very well, but something more than mere rest is required to relieve the tension of chronic labour. The daily round, the common task do not furnish all men need to ask. And it must be remembered that the Puritan Sunday is not a Christian, nor even a Protestant, ordinance. True, this country is at last realising that man was not made for the Sabbath, and a great change is observable between the Sunday of this generation and that of its predecessor. But whether from compromise or timidity or deficient imagination, the change has not been altogether for the better. The subject of the ideal Sunday is too wide for exhaustion within our present limits, but it demands consideration as a preliminary to the whole problem of holidays. At present we may be content to note and lament that the people have precisely the holidays they deserve, and to meditate missionary enterprises, whereby they may be prepared for a restoration of the old national gaiety, whose slumbers have been so long protracted and so profound.

#### FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

**F**RANÇOIS SARCEY, Satané Binet, S. de Suttières, Sarcey de Suttières, Sarcey, and Francisque Sarcey, such was the evolution of names adopted by the great critic. Each name had its *raison d'être* according to the period in which it was borne and to the circumstances of the bearer at that period. François was the humble name conferred by humble parents upon their offspring; Satané Binet, the pseudonym of the recalcitrant professor of rhetoric who resigned his chair rather than shave his beard in obedience to the ukase of the Lycée authorities. Binet was the famous wigmaker of Louis XIV., whose name has given the word "Binette," meaning "Phiz." "The fiendish Phiz" led a violent attack upon the Government colleges, and the whole system of secondary education in France, and his scathing sarcasm brought about useful reforms, in a country where nothing kills so swiftly as ridicule. Then comes the period of aristocratic pseudonyms. Edmond About was "Valentin de Quérilly," and Sarcey became S. de Suttières. As his reputation increased, his name decreased, until eventually he became Francisque Sarcey, having abandoned high-sounding patronymics save the last syllable of his Christian name. At the same time, Francisque Coppée became "François Coppée," just to prove the modesty of his nature! The critical powers of Sarcey were discovered by Edmond About, who realised that, though his friend was unable to write a successful play, he possessed extraordinary judgment which he expressed in the clearest language. He introduced him to the "Opinion Nationale," where he remained until 1867 when Neftzer induced him to join the "Temps," with a salary of £480 a year. For thirty-two years Sarcey

was in receipt of that amount. He never asked for more, and more was never offered to him. Happy were the London daily which could secure the services of a British Sarcey for such a pittance!

Sarcey's main object was to present to his readers a clear and vivid picture of the play he was describing, to reconstruct it, just as the examining magistrate reconstructs the scene of a murder in all its details, with a view to extracting a confession from the accused, by the gruesome realism of the "reconstitution du crime." In his descriptions, "mon oncle" eschewed all flowers of rhetoric; he stated facts as he had seen them, and never called a spade an agricultural implement. His blunt truths were often unpleasant, but so keen was his diagnostic power in judging a play, that those he condemned were ever short-lived, while a prosperous future awaited those of which he had approved. He considered it his duty to tell the truth, contending that the vast majority of his readers never had an opportunity of witnessing a play, and that such theatrophiles should be solaced by seeing in a panorama of words the doings of the stage they loved so well. He therefore addressed his criticisms to an imaginary reader, the "Abonné de Sciteron," a half-pay officer compelled by want of means to reside in the monotonous provincial town, and unable to satisfy his play-going propensities. He unfolded to the "Abonné" the plot of the play, described its telling scenes, pointing out its possibilities or deprecating its impossibilities. He discussed it from a common sense, man-in-the-street point of view, with due regard, however, to the rules and conventions of classical stagecraft. Climax and anti-climax, the unities of time and place, and, above all, human realism, were matters that must be respected. The young school of playwrights, Henri Becque, Octave Mirbeau, and Ibsen and Bjørnsen (les barbares du Nord, as he called them) met with no mercy at the hands of Sarcey. He had attacked Dumas fils, who hoped to change the laws of France by the influence of the stage; he had belaboured Victorien Sardou's "excessive ability," though he fully recognised the merits of "L'Ami des Femmes" and of "La Haine." The advent of the pessimistic school, which wilfully ignored the style of Scribe and Clairville, filled him with indignation. He refused to accept the theories set forth in "Little Eyolf" or "The Wild Duck," and declared that though life was not a bed of roses, it should not be deprived of all their colour. The dark clouds of Scandinavia must not obscure the rays of Gallic wit, and unhealthy spleen must be banished from the land of Molière, of Corneille and of Racine. The old militant spirit which had withstood the attacks of Fiorentino and Aurélien Scholl was aroused, and the "critique national" once more vacated his chair of undisputed authority and entered the lists on behalf of genuine, genial comedy. Another triumph awaited him, and death snatched him from the highest rung of the ladder of criticism.

The personality of the man commanded affection; he was indeed an uncle to all, generous, upright and unpurchasable. His purse provided the fees of many a poor student at the Conservatoire, and the trembling débutante in a small part was as kindly noticed by the great critic as the leading lady of European renown. He made more stars than any man, for when Sarcey commented favourably upon the work of a beginner, managers vied to secure the services of the lucky artist. No sordid motive ever guided his opinion, no influence could make him abdicate his right of expressing his conviction. His bonhomie and his modesty were known to all. Hachette wanted to publish his criticisms in book form, and make of them an enduring work, like the "Lundis" of Sainte-Beuve, but he declined, saying that they were full of mistakes, for all of which he had not yet atoned, and that besides his criticisms were not entitled to outlive the works which they had analysed.

Wit was a most powerful weapon in the hands of Francisque Sarcey. He showed it quite recently, when "Plus que Reine" of Bergerat was produced by Coquelin. The play did not meet with his approval; Coquelin was severely handled by him, and endeavoured to answer Sarcey in the "Figaro." His indictment however, mainly consisted of attacks upon the critic,



based on details of scenery that had not been accurately described. For instance, Sarcey had stated that Madame Harding's dog was a King Charles, whereas it was a Skye-terrier. The following Monday, "mon oncle" explained in his feuilleton that he had investigated the matter, and from all he could learn he had come to the conclusion that the dog in question was not a King Charles, nor yet a terrier, but merely a dog. He added that when Coquelin played Thermidor Sarcey was called the national critic, when he produced Cyrano Sarcey became a genius, but when he impersonated Napoleon in "Plus que Reine" the genius was turned a dotard. "I only hope that M. Coquelin will henceforth produce none but good creations; I ask him to do so, if not for his own sake, at least for mine!"

As a lecturer Sarcey met with great success; crowded audiences listened eagerly to his simple, unaffected exposition of his subject, and felt the same charm in listening to him that was common to all who had that privilege in private life. His book "*Le Siège de Paris*" is the work of a patriotic impressionist who lived through that terrible period, but the theatre absorbed him to such an extent that he found but little time for the treatment of other subjects. Every night he went to the play, every day he wrote about the play, save the last three days of his life; he silenced his enemies, and made hosts of friends, besides creating a large reading "clientèle" to whom Sunday was not Sunday without Sarcey's feuilleton. He helped the poor and the weak, he took no favour from the rich or the powerful, his judgment seldom failed him, and when it did he was the first to say so. Sarcey was the "Bayard" of French critics.

#### THE HISTORICAL VICISSITUDES OF THE CHURCHWARDEN.

HE is (so far as modern statutes permit him to survive) the creation of two facts in the mediæval history of his race. Enthusiastic Church lovers above all nations in Western Christendom were the old English folk, wherefore they took it upon their shoulders to provide the ornaments of divine worship and service, and to repair the naves of their parish churches and sometimes (as in the City of London) of the chancels in addition. This was the laudable custom of England, which the Canonists and the King's judges held must be enforced, and from it grew our parish and vestry and churchwardens.

If undutiful parochiani or parishioners shall fail to observe the custom according to the mind of Holy Church, Mister Archdeacon (in the middle ages archidiaconal functions meant the bishop's troublesome and disagreeable duties) will threaten excommunication: and it is therefore necessary that each parish shall have its two good men and true to make terms for them with this official of an ecclesiastical inland revenue department. So the parishioners chose their men, whom they will call Church Reeves, and Mister Archdeacon (who admits them to office) will describe as procuratores (proctors) ecclesiæ. As their powers develop these parish representatives become to the fifteenth-century judges and Canonists, the guardiani ecclesiæ, gardiens d'église, wardens of the goods and lights of the Church, wardens of the goods and chattels of the Church, and when the sixteenth century dawns the name and office of churchwarden indicate the powers and responsibilities of the temporal estates in matters ecclesiastical.

But there is another side to the office, which after the Reformation comes into ill-omened prominence. Ever since the Albigensian heresy startled the repose of the mediæval Church, the authorities seek information of heretics and of the ecclesiastical abuses which, they half suspect, have occasioned them. Good S. Edmund constitutes that in each rural deanery two men be chosen having the fear of God before their eyes to tell to the archbishop or his official the tale of the lay folks' wrongs at the hands of prelates and ecclesiastics. Unquestionably our sidesman (synodsman), who exists to-day in some parishes as the faint understudy of the churchwarden, was once upon a time the delator of the heretical and profane to synods episcopal and provincial, but in time this office of inquiry and delation naturally

falls to the churchwarden, and him the Canons of 1603 style also the questman.

When the guardian of the Church first looms clear before our eyes in the fifteenth century, he holds no sinecure. Wycliffite sermons and tracts notwithstanding, Church expenses are steadily growing, and he must exact from his fellow-parishioners the wherewithal not merely for the repair of the fabric, but for the vestments, the missal, the images, the pyx, the Rogationtide banners, and other ornaments and paraphernalia which the archiepiscopal constitution has enjoined. And the archdeacon's eye is ever on him and the thunders of the Church will assuredly fall on his head, if the parochial money, which may have touched his palm, has not been properly expended; nay, but for old Lyndwood's good-natured way of laying down the law, perhaps the bolt would have fallen, even when the parishioners had paid him nothing. But he has burdens and troubles apart from laws ecclesiastical. The parish church is the village club of the later middle age, and the patronal day of the Church and the festival days of its guilds call for a parish circus. Then it falls to the warden's lot to provide the minstrels and the lights, and to make arrangements at the tavern. So that altogether there is a good deal of money for the poor warden to raise and he or she (for the Canon Law here made no distinction of sex) must find it in the manner most suitable to parochial opinion—that is by a Church Ale. At first Holy Church resorts to the tavern: later, at least in the larger parishes, ambitions spring up, respectability intervenes, and our wardens build their church house and their brew house (to be transformed some day when Puritanism and Cobdenism have made an end of "merry England," into the work-house), buy stock and hold their revel on sacred ground. Generally in each year things pull through well. The Church is the freeholder's and the peasant's home, and their gifts in life and bequests after death keep the warden's balance straight. And then after their guild feasts, Robin Hood and the archers, and the maidens and the wives or other guildsmen or guildswomen, will bring in to the warden a little money. Of course now and then there is a bad year and then the archdeacon's threats must be met by a rate, but in these brave days, when the church is the home of the parish, this catastrophe is as exceptional as an earthquake.

So the churchwarden grows great and influential. The King's Courts notice and protect him, and while the English Church is still one with Western Christendom, the law has been laid down, that the Church and its ornaments pertain to the temporal estates and that the parson will meddle with them at his peril. So that when people get lazy and want to sit down in church, it is for the warden and not the parson to arrange the pews. Lay supervision has made the parish churches of England the most beautiful and wealthy in Western Christendom. Alas! for that reason, when the faith and chivalry of the knightly years have faded in the hearts of the ruling classes, their riches as surely attract the spoilers' hand, as do their steeples the lightning. And the Edwardine looting is of the most casual as well as of the most thoroughpaced character. There is no commission, no authority for most of it, so the stricken guardians report, and it extends not alone to the relics and pyx, but to surplice, chalice, and bells. Here and there wardens sell the goods for the benefit of the parish, here and there a faithless warden appropriates them to his own uses; but generally the Lords of the Council, the rapacious bishops and the upstart squires of the new blood sweep all into their coffers, and as if by a magician's wand the churches of England are stripped bare at one blow of all the glories with which the piety or a penitence of nine hundred years has enriched and beautified their altars and their sanctuaries, their pillars and their shrines.

Yet the parochial organisation stands the shock. In fact, now that feudalism is dead and democracy remains in the future, it is the only local machinery with which a Tudor despotism can work. So the churchwarden is turned into a civil officer and the parish into a civil district. It is natural enough now that the poor box and the poor rate are necessities, that the State, in undertaking the functions of almoner, shall utilise the old Church officer. And if he is good

enough for relieving the poor, why may he not also look to the repair of roads, attend to discharged soldiers, and execute Puritan legislation against drunkenness? And despite the Reformation his ecclesiastical duties must still be continued. The custom holds as to the repair and the ornaments of the church, and as the guilds are gone and as Puritanism suppresses the Church ales, he must become everywhere a rating official. Nor is this the worst. Church and State are one, and the churchwarden must present alike the Puritan separatist and the Romish recusant. He is too good an Englishman to like the business of inquisitor, and is therefore always in trouble with the powers that be. And then such contradictory orders come from the said powers, that he scarcely knows where he is, takes to quarrelling with the parson, and will not be restrained by the ordinary. Two results therefore follow. The Church in its 1603 Canons gives the appointment of one of the two wardens to the parson, though, thanks to the Common lawyers, this canon will not oust the old custom of the parishioners choosing the two, where it is remembered, and the Royal Courts themselves, in a splendid exercise of unhistorical audacity, lay down that the warden is a civil officer, and that the cognisance of his election pertains to the judges and not to the Church. What with recusants and vagrants and the Puritan revolution the seventeenth-century warden fares ill, and it is everyone's desire to flee the burden; but though the peers and the gentry and the lawyers may be excused, neither Laud nor Cromwell nor the Rump can dispense with parish officers, and therefore the commonalty must be made to serve.

At last the sober sense of Englishmen abandons the impossible ideal of religious uniformity, "a stranger fills the Stuarts' throne," and the Georgian epoch brings to the much-wearied warden, what of yore Cæsarism brought to the Roman provincial, "a mild peaceful evening after the hot and sultry day." Let Archdeacon Prideaux admonish him as he will, our warden has done with presentment and prosecution, and is forgetting the meaning of archidiaconal functions. A grave and proper appearance on the Sabbath morn in the parish church, where chancellors' faculties and pew rents leave few seats for his disposal, and a week day pleasantly spent o'er the tankard and the pipe which while tobacco is smoked will for ever save him from oblivion, give the salient features of the churchwarden who opened the pew doors for the young ladies who danced the minuet, and mused over the "Mysteries of Udolpho" by the waters of Bladud. Shame on the French Revolution and the Corsican ogre that raised the poor law trouble by their foolish wars and broke the Arcadian dream! "I hope as ye'll be good to the poor, sir," rises the widows' plaint after the Easter vestry of the later Georgian days. And our kind-hearted friend, as almoner of the parish charities and overseer of the poor, responds in a way not pleasing to the "calculators sophists and economists" who have banished chivalry to Saturn or to Abbotsford. Therefore they lay sacrilegious hands on the Vestries, which for the most part are still the democratic assemblies of the christened folk, and ordain that the warden shall be henceforth the creature of plural votes and rate-paying qualifications.

It did not however last for long. The Whigs and the philosophers came in with the Reform Bill and they detested the parish as too Christian, too mediæval and too extravagant, and as incapable of Manchester economics. Therefore they substitute their guardians, their unions and their sanitary districts, and the main work of the eighteenth-century churchwarden was gone. Worse follows. The Dissenter kicks at the Church rate, and therefore the old custom of England, which has stood the Reformation and the Commonwealth, loses its legal sanction, and the repair of the churches is left to the generosity and religion of their worshippers. And later in our own day arose the bucolic Radical of town importation. He talked glibly and foolishly of freeing the parish from the parson, as conceivable a conception as the freeing of the Law Courts from the judges. And he gets his way first in that extraordinary law that defines a parochia or parish as an area for which a separate poor rate is or can be

made, or for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed, and lastly in that stupendous measure of 1894, which practically strips our warden of all his civil powers, and leaves him naught but his ecclesiastical duties of supervision and arrangement, and a control over such bits of parish funds and property that a charity commissioner or Chancery judge may be pleased to earmark "Ecclesiastical Charity."

Yet though cast down by the law he holds an office more popular than ever it was before and now the object of eager ambition. Half deserted by the State, the Church grows more conscious of its internal life, and therefore the importance of its lay officer grows with it in a land which in its most sacerdotal days has held that the ornaments and fabric of the church are matters for the lay estates. Even our "unhappy divisions" increase his responsibilities, and he is resuming his old intimate relations with the ordinary. Further, now that the democracy of the Christian Church is being realised and pew rents are ceasing, his duties in regard to the seating of the congregation are becoming a grave matter. "Church Reform" again holds out to him the hopes of power and authority such as his predecessors never knew.

Of course, before he will become altogether fit for his new career a gentle legal pruning will be necessary. The Nonconformist churchwarden is a nuisance and an anachronism, and must be ended. Obviously too the plural voting and rate qualifications in the ecclesiastical Vestry must cease; and when our ecclesiastical Courts are reformed they must exercise a proper jurisdiction over his election and accounts. But these reforms are certain to come, and when they are facts our friend may look forward with proud confidence to many centuries of useful labour and supervision in church and parish "ad maiorem gloriam Dei."

#### THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE International Exhibition repeats its demonstration of how picture-hanging should be managed. The quantity is not so great as to reflect a disgust upon the whole art; the pictures can be properly seen with space enough and tempered light, so that the inspection is not needlessly uncomfortable, and the things shown are there because someone on the council admired and invited them. The only fault to find in the matter of arrangement is the treatment of prints and drawings, crowded into a vestibule parts of which are badly lit. It would be much better to weed away a third of the pictures, leaving the collection by this Sibylline process stronger than before, and hang the gallery thus cleared with engravings and studies. There is the more reason for this because the society evidently finds it easier to carry out its international programme in this section than in those of painting and sculpture. Drawings and prints travel safely and cheaply, and when a painter might think twice before sending, an etcher or lithographer will not hesitate.

In the sections of painting and sculpture the international programme would seem to be breaking down. Few of the men whose names appear as honorary members of council send, and there are not many of eminence to be added to these. The fact is obscured to some extent by the presence of pictures by Stevens, Pissarro, Sisley, Monet and other distinguished foreigners, living or dead, works doubtless borrowed in these instances from private collectors or dealers. They make the exhibition an interesting one, as at the Society of Portrait Painters, but in reckoning the actual forces and prospects of the Society they must be discounted. Its active strength consists in the Glasgow school with Mr. Whistler as president. His most important contribution is a lovely marine dated some years back. Grouped with these men in the management are Messrs. Furse and Thaulow and among the exhibitors are Messrs. Blanche, James Maris, Muhrman, Mark Fisher, James Charles.

One result of the mixture of retrospective with current art is that a critic is apt to treat the hosts rather scurvily and to give all his attention to the guests. I have been several times to Knightsbridge, each time with the fixed purpose of paying some attention to the active exhibitors, but each time the more



surely I find myself gravitating about the same one or two pictures. These are the portrait of a lady by M. Renoir, the lady looking at a little Chinese monster by M. Alfred Stevens the Belgian painter, the four landscapes by M. Pissarro, the two by M. Monet, and the little Italian girl by Mr. Tom Graham. This being the case it is better not to write about the other pictures, but only about these. It must be disgusting, I think, to read the efforts of a writer to do what is called justice to works of art when his interest is elsewhere.

I had never seen a Renoir of this type. It is dated 1871, that is to say just before the great burst of "impressionism" as that word is understood in France. Monet's sojourn during the war in England may be taken roughly to date its beginning, and he and MM. Pissarro, Cézanne and Renoir all played parts in that frenzy of open-air light and colour whose interaction only a very close companion of them all could disentangle. In this exhibition we have examples of the Pissarro and Renoir of a soberer period. We have also an example in the painting of a nude girl of the familiar, later Renoir, the Renoir of the smeary reds blues and yellows whom I for one frankly detest. I recognise always an artist, with naïveté and abandon in his taste for life, in the things he fixes on or absent-mindedly notes, but his colour seems to me that of a man forced along in a movement, eager to see with others, to share the revelation of sunlight, but not really seeing, only giving an equivalent of the excitement round him in childish bright colours. This portrait goes some way to prove the justice of my view. It is a work charged with the most baffling attraction, baffling when one attempts to give an account of it. The charm does not lie chiefly in the colour, though that counts for something. The foundation is blackish, and there are departures into reds blues and yellows that threaten to be too acrid in parts and hint at the later explosion, but they resolve themselves here into a passage of great sweetness where the fan rests upon the dress. Compare a conscious piece of colour harmonising, Mr. Chase's Whistlerian *Japanese Print* on an adjoining wall, and the quality of Renoir's starts into relief. Everything in Mr. Chase's picture is very nicely matched, but there is nothing of the sting of Renoir's. But the same comparison throws into relief the more remarkable qualities of this picture. I do not know how far the *Japanese Print* fairly represents Mr. Chase (there is a better example, a clever *Hide and Seek* in another room), but the taste of the colour harmony is wrapped round a central dullness in the rendering of the lady's figure. Renoir's, on the contrary, is all vivacity and dainty poise; it is not one piece of furniture among several, but a living presence radiating pleasure, grasped from head to foot, solidly painted, exquisitely measured and balanced for its picture-place. The figure is unforgettable, hanging there a moment in reverie over the bird's cage. It makes one think that just at this node of his orbit a rare art existed for Renoir if he could have stayed; but he was borne away among the blazing comets by the forces that shaped his time.

Stevens' picture, already seen at the Grafton some years back, must be the flower of his art. Renoir's is an accident in an unstable career, this is the full expression of a determined delicate effort. It is as near perfection in its kind as painting can go. The passage of light across the head the neck and the shoulder, the discrimination of muslin stuff, of the arm showing through the transparencies and thickenings of the delicious creams and yellows, the lovely blondness of flesh and hair against the nameless dark of the background compete with Terburg; no Preraphaelite ever wrought so much detail into so broad a whole. And with all this there is a sprightly piquancy of life in the profile turned to the newly arrived gift on the table. How hard a feat was here performed may be guessed by looking at many another Stevens, where a trifling exaggeration of edges makes the whole look papery instead of softly rounded. The companion piece here, so extraordinary in parts like the painting of the black dress, illustrates how difficult it is to keep the balance true. The head ties the attention a second or so too much as the eye floats over the picture, and the scene falls, by comparison with the other, into a collection of details.

M. Pissarro's landscapes of the four seasons are, like the portrait by M. Renoir, early, ante-impressionistic work, using that word again in its most special sense. They come out of Corot, they render the spaces of the sky and earth in fair singing tones, and the paint, presently to be tormented and broken, has a beautiful substance. Sisley also painted like this at first and ought to have painted like this all his life. But with Monet next door, so to speak, it was impossible. The result was the furious and futile sort of marmalade illustrated by the two pictures exhibited at Knightsbridge. We must turn to Monet himself to see the justification of such procedures. Grant him the ugly scrag of form out of which he is going to produce his chemistry of light, grant him too what to my eye is the doubtful reddish pink which he claims as a springboard, and you are launched by *The Country Road* into an illusion of sunshine. It is no quack who put together the close but definite values that make that road, or dared the collisions and softenings of the sky and trees in the other picture. It is a simple mind, but an amazing eye.

Mr. Graham is one of those uncertain artists who always stop one in going round a gallery, but he seldom reaches a result so definite. He belongs to the Scottish group of Pettie, Orchardson and others, who connect as illustrators with Millais and Fred Walker, but have a school tradition in painting of their own. This picture would perhaps prove over-sentimental on long acquaintance, but there are charming things in it, the flower-sprinkled dress of an indescribable grey, the little feet, and a tenderness for the subject that is very winning.

In the sculpture section there are two pieces by M. Rodin, and busts by Messrs. J. H. M. Furse and John Tweed that stand out among the rest. There is a case of jewellery by Mr. Harry Wilson that contains things charming in design and lovely in the combination of pale gold with opals and other precious stones. Mr. Wilson also shows projects of architectural decoration. He has a proper sense of the value ornament gains by opposition to spaces of massive wall and is certainly one of the most genuinely inspired of the art-craftsmen. His danger is an extravagant weediness of form, a dream too vaguely realised. Some of the jewels are like sketches or memories of a good design.

In the section of prints and drawings there are some magnificent studies by Menzel, others by the English Stevens, etchings old and new by Mr. Whistler, colour prints by Mr. Nicholson, Messrs. Morley Fletcher, Sidney Lee and Maurice Detmold, etchings of Thames bridges by Mr. Pennell, drawings by Messrs. Sullivan, Milcendeau, Hartrick, and a number of other things that there is no space to discuss or praise.

D. S. M.

#### PADEREWSKI.

CHIEF amongst the three or four hundred concerts which I had not space to notice last week was the Paderewski recital of Tuesday. Paderewski demands attention, not only because he is one of the very few pianists who always play at least a couple of pieces artistically, but also because he does not worry us and ruin the business, by giving twelve recitals when two would serve. As a mere matter of commercial wisdom his rare appearances are right. Most musical entertainers are far too apt to work to death anything which seems to "catch on." If a crowd comes to hear them on Monday, they must straightway tempt Providence by issuing on Tuesday the announcement of a second performance on Wednesday; should Wednesday bring its crowd also, they love to announce a long series on successive Wednesdays; and in the end they are generally fain to catch a few stragglers by announcing their "last recital (or concert) of the season." Fifty illustrations of passable pianists and fiddlers who have ruined their English chances in this way will leap to everyone's mind. And not only interpretative artists, but composers also, can damage themselves or be damaged in this way. For instance, of late so much Wagner has been hurled at us that now even those of us who love Wagner best are crying out for a little less Wagner. There seems an actual danger of Tschaikowsky being overdone. Of course the public

clamours for Tchaikowsky and Wagner; but then the entrepreneurs should think of their own pockets and of the public mental health. If they can at the same time make money by preventing the public growing gluttonous over one particular dish, why should they not do so?

Paderewski, then, comes seldom; and that is good from every point of view. It certainly seemed good from the agent's point of view last week, when every seat in St. James' Hall had its enthusiastic and (generally) fair occupant. His programme, however, was curious rather than interesting. It consisted of two huge Beethoven sonatas, the *Appassionata* and *Opus 111*; and after that a mighty dose of Chopin. Now Paderewski is not amongst the first Beethoven players. He can interpret phrases in the most wondrous fashion, and music whose whole beauty lies in a succession of phrases; masses he cannot handle, nor can he make anything of the similarities or contrasts of masses. Chopin's finest pieces, mere strings of delicious melodies, he can often interpret divinely; he misses the grandest side of Beethoven's grandest pieces, the relation—as I have said, whether of similarity or of contrast—of mass to mass. And, to come to a smaller matter, he does not, for all his energy, produce the full rich tone we now demand in Beethoven playing. His tone is indeed singularly lovely; but there is a point of intensity beyond which he does not pass without giving one a painful sense of piano-smashing. As he forces his crescendo, the sound grows for some time; then suddenly all the body goes out of it—it becomes louder, it is true, but it also becomes harsh, wiry, violent. In his reading of the *Appassionata* the other day, one felt, first, the utter lack of a great reading; his reading contained a thousand beauties, it had its moments of sheer inspiration; but it was not a great, solid, ordered piece of architectural work. The slow movement seemed to come out of a different opus from the first and last movements; and parts of each movement were wholly detached in spirit, in the quality of their mood and beauty, from other parts. Besides, the tremendous pervading mystery of the thing was entirely absent. Even more completely was the *Opus 111* turned into a mosaic—a wonderful mosaic, a mosaic filled with singular beauties, it is true, but a mosaic just the same. Yet there is no sonata by Beethoven—indeed no piece of music in the world—that demands a greater degree of unity of conception. It consists of two movements, with an introduction to the first. That first is largely fugal in its structure; passage grows out of passage always; there is no drama or sign of dramatic intention in the thing. The player's first duty is to preserve the continuity which Beethoven secured by adopting the contrapuntal form and manner of writing. But continuity was precisely what Paderewski avoided. Partly this was because Paderewski does not understand Beethoven—I mean Beethoven's moods and temperament: Beethoven the pure musician of course he understands; partly because he, like all pianists, cannot see a bar-ful of semiquavers without trying to get through it in the shortest time on record. He would play a passage divinely; then a semiquaver passage would arrive, and hey presto! off he went and reached the end before one had grasped what was happening. It was in the marvellous theme with variations which constitutes the finale of the sonata that this pianistic craze had its worst results—though it proved nearly as disastrous in the slow movement of the *Appassionata*. But the finale of the *Opus 111* is one of the hardest things I know to play rightly; and any pianistic tomfoolery can bring the player to utter grief. The simple beautiful theme, which might almost have been written by Mozart, and in fact owes something to Mozart, ought to be simply and beautifully announced. Then, as a little stream spreads ever wider and grows fuller and deeper and gains a more stately motion as it is joined by tributary after tributary, so this theme slowly deepens and broadens into a magnificent, calmly moving tide of sound; and the mood becomes one of sheer passionless ecstasy. It is the player's first business not to destroy the mood by breaking the thing into scraps. Paderewski never for a second got near the mood; he introduced Paderewskian dramatic contrasts; played forte where the composer wrote piano,

and rushed madly at every scale passage or arpeggio. There were lovely parts; but I missed Beethoven altogether; and I don't believe Paderewski had formed, or had wanted to form, a clear, definite conception of the whole work. He is no Beethoven player; and more's the pity.

I cannot discuss his Chopin at any length; and, to be truthful, I did not stay to hear much of it. The women were stupendously moved. It seems rather a pity that so fine and conscientious an artist should be publicly insulted by their adoration.

Covent Garden continues to prosper, artistically if not financially. For my part, the empty stalls on the thirty-shilling nights seem highly satisfactory. Opera in London was dear enough when one had to pay a guinea for a seat; and it was pure greed that made the Syndicate raise its prices fifty per cent. Besides, so little does this Syndicate think of the public which supports it that it permits little gangs of adventurers to buy up a large part of the house in the hope of selling at a premium. Therefore I must admit that I laughed a laugh of sheer delight when I saw the half-deserted theatre at the "Dutchman" performance on Tuesday; and it is to be hoped that the Syndicate has learnt a lesson. To call the Wagner nights Special Wagner performances and raise the prices was simply a very clever attempt at imposing on the public; and Mr. Higgins and Mr. Neil Forsyth knew it. Now that they are found out let us hope they will see the error of their back ways. I shall be sorry if they ruin the season by keeping up the sorry game, for the Wagner performances have been excellent. "The Valkyrie," in spite of that terrible lady, Madame Litvinne, as Brünnhilde, was on the whole finely given, though there were a few mishaps. The "Dutchman" also came off well on Tuesday, Mr. Bispham making a quite gorgeous *Vanderdecken*. The ships were oddly navigated; but the band was good.

J. F. R.

#### MR. CARTON'S NEW PLAY.

MR. CARTON, through an interviewer, has lately wafted to the world his conviction that the vogue of the romantic play is over. "The buff boot," he says, "is down at heel." Else, no doubt, Mr. Carton (whose foible is to be always in the fashion) would himself be wearing it. In "Liberty Hall" and in "Sunlight and Shadow" he wore (for they were still "the wear") the elastic-side shoes of Tom Robertson. These, at the witching moment, he discarded for Norwegian highlows. In them he walked uneasily; but, had not the vogue of the problem-play ceased soon after the production of his "Tree of Knowledge," he would, I am sure, have persisted. And lately he has been tripping in the patent-leathers of that up-to-date comedy which is of the very latest fashion. "Up-to-date" is a vile phrase, but it describes well the kind of thing I mean: the kind of thing Mr. Carton aimed at in "Lord and Lady Algy," even better, the kind of thing he aims at in "Wheels within Wheels." In respect of the fashion, Mr. Carton's patent-leathers are quite perfect. They are extremely pointed, most highly varnished and—important detail!—besprent with a little mud. Whether they be the "wear" most appropriate to Mr. Carton's foot, I am not at all certain. They are more appropriate than the highlows, but the foot in them is so adaptable that one cannot safely dogmatise about it. Mr. Carton is Protean. And it would be as difficult to determine his real *métier* as it would have been to say whether Proteus appeared to greatest advantage as a tiger or as a flame or as a stream of running water. Some day, perhaps, Mr. Carton will cease to trouble about the public and the public's varying demands, and will write something really of his own impulse. Then, in my academic way, I shall doubtless be able to place him in the foremost rank of dramatists. At present, I can but admire his consummate agility in jumping with the cat. Other dramatists watch that animal and jump with it; but none jumps with it so quickly, so accurately, and, I may add, so gracefully, as Mr. Carton.

"Rebellious Susan" created a demand for artificial comedy of "smart" life, as distinguished from the old-fashioned "high" life. "The Liars" and "Lord



and Lady Algy" supplied some of the demand. "Wheels within Wheels" comes to supply some more of it. The play is a very adroit specimen of the artificial comedy of "smart" life. When I call it "artificial" I do not mean that it is unnatural or fantastic. I mean rather that it deals not with the souls of human creatures but with their behaviour in certain quandaries. Pure comedy, as much as pure tragedy, does deal with the soul. I do not complain of "Wheels within Wheels" because it is not pure comedy. I merely note the difference, in order that my readers may understand what kind of play it is. In it, so far as I could see, none of the dilemmas involve any reference to human emotion, to the sense of right or wrong, to desire or revulsion. The dilemmas are purely social: what, under such-and-such circumstances, ought Mr. or Mrs. So-and-So to do? The play reminds one of those "Hard Cases" which have been appearing for so many years in "Vanity Fair." Mr. Carton propounds a cluster of them in one evening, and solves them all himself, leaving us to "adjudge" his solutions "correct" or "incorrect." Here are a few of his pretty little puzzles:

A is an attractive widow. B, her brother, is married to C, a frivolous girl who is beloved by D. C has confided to A that D has in his possession a foolish letter of hers and that he is using it in order to force her into an elopement. She does not wish to elope, for the Season is just beginning. What should A do?

A, says Mr. Carton, should go by night to D's room, break open his safe and steal the letter. A does so. But

E, a middle-aged man of the world and a friend of D, discovers A in the act of taking the letter from the safe. He has never met her before, and does not know anything about her. A appeals to his mercy, and begs him to burn the letter for her. What should E do?

E, says Mr. Carton, should burn the letter. E does so. Again,

F, a man-about-town, wishes to marry A, who does not seem unwilling. He keeps a *faux ménage* which he is loth to break up. What should F do?

F should break it up. But

A overhears him talking about the *faux ménage*. She never really cared about him. What should A do?

A should dismiss him at the first opportunity. The opportunity comes later. Meanwhile,

C, not knowing that her letter has been destroyed, and supposing that her husband already suspects her, is pressed by D to join him at a country inn, *en route* for the Continent. What should C do?

C should agree to do so. But

A finds her flown and knows her destination. What should A do?

A should follow E, leaving a letter to make B, E and F think that it is with herself that D is eloping. Then

A finds C and D at the inn. She asks D to release C and to back up her (A's) strategy. But D is still anxious to elope with C. B, E and F are on their way to the inn. What should D do?

D should obey A. Finally, A and E are left alone at the inn. E asks A to marry him. What should A do?

A should accept E, and with her acceptance of him the curtain falls. For Mr. Carton, and for me, and for the whole audience, the game is really quite amusing; in other words, "Wheels within Wheels" is very good of its kind. Some critics prefer one kind of thing, some another. I myself rather like this kind of thing, but even if I did not I should be in duty bound to congratulate Mr. Carton on having done it neatly and well. The dialogue is always effective, and often very funny. Occasionally it is vulgar, but that is because most of the characters in the play are vulgar; and so Mr. Carton is justified. In his dialogue, Mr. Carton fails only when he drags in jokes that are irrelevant to the piece. I have no pedantic objection to the introduction of a joke which does not directly help the action or atmosphere of the play; but I do stipulate that such jokes shall be really good: unless they are really good, they are a nuisance. Let

me give Mr. Carton an instance of the kind of joke which he would have done well to omit rather than drag in. He makes two of his characters engage in irrelevant conversation about the monotonous ugliness of suburban houses. "Yes," says one of them, "it is the Venetian-blind leading the blind." Now, I presume that Mr. Carton himself once made, or heard someone make, this joke, in private conversation. No doubt it raised really spontaneous laughter at the time, being itself a spontaneous incident in conversation. But there is all the difference in the world between a joke that is good merely for the moment and a joke that is so clean-cut that it will lose nothing by being printed in black and white or spoken across footlights. The former kind of joke may owe half its success to the personality of its maker, as well as to the aptness of the moment at which it is made. The latter kind has to stand on its own merit. And I submit that the joke which I have quoted (as a type of many jokes in this play) has not sufficient merit to make one pardon its irrelevance. Of modern dramatists there is, with the exception of Mr. Oscar Wilde, none whose wit is in itself good enough to be welcome unless it belong to its setting. I think it were well, therefore, for modern dramatists to jest only through the characters they create, and not in *propria persona* nor for the mere sake of jesting. However, this is a side-issue. Far be it from me to disparage Mr. Carton's talent. This play of his is well worth seeing. It is, on the whole, very well acted. In the part which I have called A, Miss Compton displays once more her power of suggesting that well-bred, ill-behaved good-nature which is the essence of "smartness." Mr. Eric Lewis ambles discreetly and observantly through the part of B. As C, Miss Lena Ashwell makes a loyal effort to obscure that blunt intelligence which is peculiar to her, but her impersonation does not quite come off. Mr. Thalberg, as D, has nothing to do but to repeat what he did in "The Liars," and Mr. Boucicault, as E, is rather slow and funereal in a very difficult part. Mr. Bouchier (F) was admirable in the first act, acting with real observation and humour. I have never seen a better representation of the human-animal-after-dinner. In the second act, alas! Mr. Bouchier began to let himself go, and in the third act he simply clownned himself off the stage. If only he would learn restraint! If only he could learn how good he was, and why he was so good, in the first act! It is a difficult question, this question of restraint. For, whilst some men on the stage ought always to be curbing themselves, there are others who ought always to be spurring themselves on. Everything depends on the personality of the man himself. Mr. Bouchier is a man for whom no curb were too tight and firm. For Mr. Boucicault no spur were too sharp.

MAX.

## FINANCE.

THE evil spirit that is supposed to rule the destinies of nineteen-day accounts without resuming complete control has at least since the beginning of the holidays recovered some part of its influence, and during the week the Stock Markets although not exactly dull have been very irregular. Everyone is now waiting for the end of the account before embarking on fresh business, and owing to the improvements that have taken place in some descriptions since the last Settlement there has been a certain amount of profit-taking which in the absence of fresh business has caused slight declines. On Wednesday a sudden weakness developed itself in consequence of a smart drop in Spanish on the Paris Bourse, and considerable selling of various stocks and shares from that quarter, but on Thursday a better tone set in with more reassuring advices from Madrid and the steady tone thus established seems likely now to be maintained until the conclusion of the account. With the new account it seems probable that a fair amount of new business will come forward and should satisfactory news be forthcoming from the Transvaal the South African market may take a notable turn for the better. Were it not for the comparative scarcity of

money the conditions as present prevailing would lead to the prevalence of great activity on the Stock Exchange, but, as we have frequently pointed out this year the demand for funds to be employed in legitimate business in the home trade is so large that there is not much left for the purpose of speculation. The result is that prices are not inflated above real values and on the other hand there is little inclination to sell. The general condition is therefore extremely healthy and although brokers may not be over content with a state of affairs which does not result in abundant commissions and jobbers would be pleased with quicker turns the general trade and prosperity of the country are greatly benefited. With a cloudless political horizon this position is likely to be long maintained.

Money remains fairly easy although there is no great inclination to do business in Lombard Street either on one side or the other and there is a tendency for rates to harden, the approach of various loans of some magnitude causing dealers to go cautiously. The Bank return on Thursday shows that trade in the country is still very active, coin and bullion having gone into the provincial circulation to the extent of nearly half a million. Other changes in the return are unimportant, the Reserve having fallen about £300,000 and the proportion of reserve to liabilities one half per cent. to 38½ per cent. During the week on balance £11,000 in gold came in from abroad. The reserve at the present time is considerably below the figure at which it stood on the corresponding date last year, but then the Bank had built up a large reserve in view of what seemed to be the possibility of war. In the present state of the bank's finances it is not unlikely that the rate will this year have to be raised rather earlier than usual. For the next two months there will be no very great pressure, but after that a period of moderate stringency may be anticipated. Without being tight, however, the Japanese loan due in a few days, the loan which Argentina is endeavouring to negotiate, a further loan which Mexico will probably require for the purposes of debt conversion, and perhaps even a Russian loan, if that country can succeed in regaining a footing in the London market, will all make demands upon Lombard Street which will result in a distinct firmness until the autumn stringency sets in. In New York and in Vienna the position is easy, and Berlin does not seem likely at present to make any immediate demands upon London's gold reserves.

The details of the Japanese loan, which is to be issued next week, will be those we indicated as probable a fortnight ago—that is to say, the amount will be £10,000,000 at 4 per cent., and the issue price will be 90. It remains to be seen whether the whole amount will be offered at once or whether, as rumour has it, £2,000,000 will be held back. There can be little doubt that it will be taken up. The net yield is fairly high, and the syndicate which has the issue in hand is powerful. Whilst we are not satisfied that Japan has acted quite wisely in its national policy since the termination of the war with China, it is to be admitted that the nation has a great commercial future, and that its developed resources are quite equal to the strain of this addition to its obligations. Japan would do well to redeem some of its internal loans and to replace them by foreign loans, bearing a lower rate of interest, by which means some 2 per cent. might be saved. The money markets of Europe would not look askance at a project of this sort. The country is solvent and money lent to it at 4 per cent. to take the place of existing obligations at 6 per cent. and more would not add to its indebtedness, and one good result would be to release money which would be very welcome to Japanese traders, who have been complaining loudly of the stringency and have been forced to pay very extravagant rates for accommodation even on excellent security. More than one of the internal loans are ripe for redemption.

There is no doubt that at the present time the finances of Spain are in an extremely precarious condition and the nervousness of holders of Spanish Fours is therefore easily understood. Until the finances have been

reorganised it is impossible for the country to reap the full advantage which must eventually ensue from the cessation of the great drain which was formerly imposed upon Spain by the insurrections and difficulties in her colonies. Up to the present no serious attempt has been made by Spanish statesmen to set their country's financial affairs on a firmer basis and so far from any decrease in the military and naval expenditure having been brought about the past year has shown an increase in both these departments. Since the conclusion of the war Spanish Fours have risen enormously in value and there is no doubt that a very powerful group in Paris has been the principal means of bringing about the great improvement. On paper this group can no doubt show very large profits at the present time; but until there appears to be a greater probability of the interest on the debt being duly met any attempt on the part of the Parisian financiers to realise their profit would cause a big slump in the funds. The Spanish Minister of Finance has now decided that no more bonds shall be sealed for payment in gold because held by foreigners and in view of the deficit in the Spanish Treasury it has been decided to suspend for the time being the drawing of the bonds for repayment. These two steps have led to considerable uneasiness, and for a time it seemed as if a slump had really set in. The Paris group, however, succeeded in arresting it at the outset, and now holders are anxiously waiting for some intimation of what Señor Villaverde's proposals for dealing with the coupons are to be. In any case it is probable that the payment of the coupons due on July 7 will be delayed, but between now and then it is of course still possible that such steps may be taken with regard to the future of Spanish finances that a temporary loan may be obtained which will tide over the awkward moment. We have not the slightest doubt that if a Spanish statesman were forthcoming with the will and the capacity to deal energetically with the situation the future of Spain would be assured, but it is precisely the absence of any such statesman which makes the present position extremely dubious.

In the Home Railway market there is still very little to go for and although traffics continue to show very satisfactory improvement prices are already in most cases maintained at such a high level that any further advances can only be brought about by the prospect of respectable increases in the dividends for the current half-year. The Great Western Company, as was to be expected after the disastrous effect of the South Wales coal strikes last year is the company which shows the greatest expansion in receipts, the total increase in traffics for the twenty weeks to date amounting to £332,500. The coal strikes commenced in the fourteenth week of the first half of 1898 and the loss to the Great Western in traffic receipts during the six weeks to 21 May was about £87,000. But during the past six weeks, which correspond to these six weeks last year, the Great Western's receipts have increased by nearly £194,000, so that not only has all the loss due to the coal strikes been recovered, but there is a further increase in the six weeks of £87,000. For the first twenty weeks of 1898 the company's receipts showed an aggregate decrease of £17,000, so that the increase of £332,500 for the first twenty weeks of the current year augurs well for the forthcoming dividend. The next biggest increase of the current year to date is in the case of the Midland, which has taken £200,451 more, and the North-Eastern follows closely with an aggregate increase of £171,556. In spite of the Great Central's competition the Great Northern has increased its receipts by £89,000, thus bearing out our contention that the effects of the competition had been greatly over estimated in advance. The joint receipts of the London Chatham and Dover and the South-Eastern show only an aggregate increase since the beginning of the year of £69,065. The Chatham and Dover's proportion of this will be about £28,000, and since the net profit from this increase will only be some £11,000 the concluding six weeks of the half year will have to be miraculously increased if Mr. Forbes prophesy of a benefit of £33,000 to the Chatham is to be realised this year. From these figures the dividend prospects of Dover "A" are, moreover, not very bright, in view of



the large increase in capital charges to be provided for and of the outlay in improvements. Another weak spot in the market is Metropolitan District Stock. We have already stated that the negotiations for the purchase of the company by the Great Western are definitely "off," but the market considers that an official statement of the fact is much to be desired. As matters stand District Stock would seem to stand far too high.

The American market still remains in a state of suspense although the continued prosperity of the States makes it impossible for the bears to exercise much influence. Moreover the recent reaction has brought in a considerable number of new buyers on both sides of the Atlantic and since the money market in New York remains easy present prices are likely to be well maintained for some time to come. Canadian Pacifics continue to attract a large share of attention and the price is now maintained well above par. This is a quotation of which for a long time past we have prophesied the advent and in view of the very satisfactory outlook for the company during the present year it is quite possible that a further advance may be justified. The opening of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway will without doubt bring to the company a large increase of business from the mining districts of British Columbia, and since this and other portions of North America are developing with enormous rapidity the general business of the company will probably improve for some years to come. Thus, good as were the results of 1898, those of 1899 should be considerably better. Last year the Canadian Pacific Company earned sufficient to have paid a dividend of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., the actual dividend distribution being 4 per cent., so that even at par the yield to the investor is high. Moreover £200,000 was carried forward and since the prospects are that 1899 will prove a better year than 1898 it is quite possible that a 5 per cent. dividend may be declared. It is to be remembered however that the company has to face severe competition from the northern lines of the United States and if it is to maintain its position it must make large outlays on improvements. It will therefore be a wise policy on the part of the directors to spend large sums out of the net profits on betterment and to pay dividends of only four per cent. but in this case since the profits will increase the value of the company's property a lower yield of interest will be justifiable and the price of the stock may therefore go considerably higher.

The discussion of the franchise question in the Volksraad and the conclusions drawn from the unpromising attitude of the old burghers as revealed in the discussion, came as a wet blanket on the South African Market on the resumption of business after the holidays, and neutralised the good impression which had been made by the announcement that the meeting between Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Kruger had been definitely arranged. Business in this department as in others is, however, almost at a standstill pending the conclusion of the nineteen-day account. Next week with the receipt of news as to the answer of Mr. Chamberlain to the Outlanders' petition, now said to have been received at Johannesburg, and speculation as to the result of the conference at Bloemfontein, will probably lead to greater activity. Though the future is still extremely dubious our previous advice still holds good. The progress made by the mining industry of the Transvaal alone justifies the high values which are placed upon Rand gold-mining shares and those who can afford to disregard market fluctuations will do well to stick to their holdings. Satisfactory news from the Transvaal will undoubtedly cause a great and immediate advance in prices. Unsatisfactory news, since it is incredible that any serious conflict can ensue between Great Britain and the South African Republic, although it may temporarily depress values, cannot in the long run cause a permanent decline, since present prices are in the main based not upon the anticipations of concessions to the mining industry, but upon the actual merits of and the results achieved by the mines.

The acquisition of sixty-one deep-level claims by the New Goch Company, to which we referred last week,

will greatly enhance the future prosperity of the mine. The additional claims have been purchased from Rand Mines, Limited, the price paid being £5,000 per claim in cash; for, as is well known, the policy of the latter company is to take shares for claims only in those companies which it entirely controls. The New Goch Company proposes to raise the money necessary for the purchase price by the issue of £350,000 in five per cent. debentures, convertible into shares during two years at £3 10s. per share. In this way the capital of the company will ultimately be increased to £400,000, with further power to the directors to issue 50,000 more shares if necessary. The issue of debentures will, after paying for the deep-level claims, leave about £50,000 for additional working capital, which, with the £60,000 obtained at the recent reconstruction, will give to the company a total working capital in cash of £110,000. With this the capacity of the mill will be at once raised to 120 stamps, and later forty more stamps will be added, making a total of 160 stamps. The New Goch has at present sixty unexhausted claims, and the advantage of the deal now accomplished will be realised when it is observed that the claim area has been doubled whilst the capital of the company will only be increased by one-third. Worked out in our usual manner the value of George Goch shares is considerably higher than the price at present quoted. Assuming only a net profit on working of 15s. per ton, with 160 stamps the company will be able to earn dividends of 50 per cent., and as the life with this stamping power may be taken as 23 years the shares, to yield 7 per cent. to the investor and the return of his capital, will be worth £5, as against their present price of about 2½. Since, however, it is possible to work all three reefs in the Goch mine, it is probable that the life will be longer than the figure assumed in the above valuation. Another circumstance of importance, as bearing on the value of the deep-level claims now acquired and on the future value of the shares, is, moreover, that the South Reef in the lower levels of the mine is proving to be much richer than was the case in the broken ground near the outcrop. At the 4th level the South Reef assays only 11 dwts. over 36 inches, but at the 5th level it assays 14 dwts. over 48 inches, at the 6th level 18 dwts. over 48 inches and at the 7th level 30 dwts. over 36 inches. From these figures it would appear that in the lower levels the value of the South Reef approximates to that of the same reef which is so profitably worked by the Henry Nourse, the next-door neighbour on the Rand of the New Goch, and in this case the estimate of profit given above is very moderate. A recovery value is indicated in fact of 45s. per ton, which would give a profit of at least 20s. per ton, and on this basis the value of the shares reckoned as above will ultimately be nearly £7. The Henry Nourse, it may be noted, makes an average profit of nearly 37s. per ton.

The North Mount Lyell copper mine in Tasmania is an undertaking to which we have already drawn the attention of our readers and those who have invested in the shares on our recommendation will be glad to learn that the railway from the mine to the coast at Macquarie Harbour is rapidly approaching completion. About half the line is now finished, and it is expected that the whole will be completed in October next, when the enormously rich deposit of copper ore in the North Mount Lyell mine will be rendered available. Already the company, in spite of the difficulties of transport, is shipping some 60 tons of ore per week, which realise a profit of about £17 a ton, so that even from this trifling shipment quite a respectable revenue is being obtained. The steamship purchased by the company and constructed specially for the purpose of negotiating the bar at the mouth of Macquarie Harbour is now on its way out with a cargo of locomotives and rolling stock for the railway. We learn, however, that by arrangement with an important Australasian steamship company, the question of transport and freight from Macquarie will be quite satisfactorily solved by the time the railway is finished and the rich ore from the mine can then be delivered for smelting in large quantities in any part of the world. Those who hold the shares will do well to stick to them. They are likely to improve considerably in value as the railway approaches completion. So far as present indications

go it seems probable that it will be finished in time for the company to reap some advantage at least from the high price of copper.

It seems probable that we shall be treated for some time to come—the trade says for the next two seasons—to dear wool. At the last series of Colonial wool sales every available bale was eagerly bought up and prices ranged something like 20 per cent. higher than at the previous series. This was accomplished in spite of an entire absence of American buying, and if there is a revival from this quarter prices should rule higher at the next series, when 350,000 bales will be offered with only 5,000 bales held over. The manufacturers have made up their minds that their raw material is going to be scarce and they have been purchasing freely, the home trade at the last series taking 85,000 and the Continent 95,000 out of 185,000 bales. The drought, the hard lambing season and other adverse influences which might be named, must certainly make a difference in the New South Wales clip. Meantime, manufacturers have their order books full, notwithstanding the continuance of depression in the American branch, and they have put up prices about 30 per cent.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### REGISTRATION REFORM AND THE LONDON GOVERNMENT BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

5 Connaught Square, Hyde Park, W., 24 May, 1899.

SIR,—The decision of the Government to transfer the powers, duties and liabilities of Overseers to the Metropolitan Borough Councils is one which effects a wide-reaching and wise reform in the interests of local self-government. The effect of this movement and its consequent advantages cannot be immediately perceived by Conservative leaders throughout the country inasmuch as the London Bill has been thought by many of them to concern London alone! But such is not the case, and as Mr. Balfour has stated that the transfer of these powers would give the case away for the whole of the country, I desire to draw the serious attention of agents throughout England to the vast importance of the proposed change as it will affect Registration work when these duties of Overseers are transferred to Town Clerks or such other Registration officer whom the Borough Council may appoint to discharge them with efficiency. Since the time of Queen Elizabeth the Overseers have been in existence and have only just survived as the last remnant of a rude condition of government which is now passing away. Their powers as to valuation and collection of rates and the preparation of voters' lists are being swept away and a new order of things has arisen in the transfer of these powers to Borough Councils and the same provisions ought to be extended to the remainder of the country. The Association of Municipal Corporations and the Corporate Treasurers' and Accountants' Institute—organisations which are especially identified with municipal work—will immediately seek for the same consolidation and freedom of action, as it will be shown to be of such enormous public advantage to Municipal Government in London. Registration agents and officials will no longer be subject to the peculiar and inefficient action of irresponsible Overseers, but will deal directly with a statutory permanent officer in the person of the Town Clerk or Borough Treasurer, and this arrangement will no doubt clear away many difficulties in perfecting the Register. The question of cost to the local associations is of course their own concern; but the machinery to be set in motion will I venture to believe materially assist agents in the performance of their duties. The scale of allowances and charges for the Town Clerk, the Registration officer, or such official appointed to superintend the work, is a matter of much moment, and the Government have now a unique opportunity of establishing a statutory scale for the performance of this important work. The costs of registration to the local authorities throughout the kingdom varies at present in the most extraordinary manner and Revising

Barristers are agreed as to the necessity of Parliament determining by Statute upon what common basis they should issue their certificates. The nature of the work is just the same throughout England and Wales, and a system of payment of a fixed sum for every 100 voters or a fixed charge for a ward or polling district containing 1,000 or more voters with a minimum and maximum margin could easily be determined by the Local Government Board. The Town Clerk should be the Returning Officer for all elections and the saving in the printing of the Register, which is really only a "corrected" copy of the list published in August, would be considerable, as one contract could be made by the Council for printing both the List and the Register. I hope I shall be able to impress the National Union with the extreme importance of this new departure in local autonomy and have shown how agents may assist in completing this reform in boroughs and counties by emphasising the advantages arising from the transfer of these powers to the Municipal Borough Councils. The machinery which is to be set up in London will do much to simplify registration work and pave the way for a uniform system of local self-government and consolidated powers for the Local Authorities throughout England and Wales.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

CLAUDE G. HAY.

#### THE ALIEN INROAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lewes, 24 May, 1899.

SIR,—While I cordially sympathise with Mr. Bannister in his protest against the foreign Jew and his highly unpleasant characteristics, I confess I am unable to share his hopeful prognostication of an outburst of patriotic feeling on the part of the Britisher—in Great Britain at all events. A more absolutely unpatriotic person than the ordinary Britisher of the present day, as one sees him on his native heath, it would be impossible to find. He revels in hotels where the foreigner abounds, he affects foreign shops, foreign actors, foreign artists, foreign musicians. The German Jew, no matter how offensive, can always command the ordinary Britisher's patronage whether he runs a tobacconist shop or a restaurant. The foreigner is often the chosen leader of a strike, just as in more than one recent instance he has been elected for a rural constituency instead of an English country squire. No, sir, what appears to Mr. Bannister and some others the madness of his countrymen in encouraging the foreign scum into this already overpopulated little island, meets with the approval of the vast majority of Britishers from the highest to the lowest in the land. The Britisher who has travelled or resided much in foreign countries (not globe-trotted in them) sees the seamy side of making Great Britain a dumping ground for the foreign scum, but it is absolutely hopeless to get Ministers, members of Parliament, or the man in the street to view the matter seriously. That this unchecked influx of aliens will one day land us in a quagmire of our own deliberate creation there can be little doubt. We shall pay the penalty of our "unctuous rectitude," a rectitude of such unique quality that it even blinds us to the truth of the old adage that "charity begins at home." I trust Mr. Bannister and others will continue to protest against the great national folly of the age, and that you will open your columns to those who feel strongly in this matter.—Your obedient servant,

R. H. ROSSER.

#### FIRST OR LAST?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me to which of our Poet Laureates can have been applied the appended distich found in a copybook? Can it have been meant for *Pye*? I would add (but I dread punning), if *not*, can it have been meant for *Omega*?

Yours truly,  
INQUIRER.

This is the distich:

The Laureate writes his verses with his thumbs,  
They'll serve for fuel when the reckoning comes.



## REVIEWS.

## CROMWELL AS CIVILIAN.

"Cromwell and his Times." By G. H. Pike. London: Fisher Unwin. 1899.

"The Two Protectors." By Sir Richard Tangye. London: Partridge and Co. 1899.

THE tercentenary of Cromwell's birth has produced an outburst of ephemeral books having for the most part no other justification than the occasion itself. Among such books the works before us may fairly be classed. Mr. Pike's volume may serve very well to recall, not unpleasantly, if without distinction, some of the more familiar features of an always interesting time; but it is in no sense a contribution to our knowledge either of Cromwell or of his age. Sir Richard Tangye's claim to consideration is more serious. He draws upon unpublished documents in his possession, some of which appear to be of interest; but his book is a somewhat tantalising indication of materials lying behind rather than in itself a valuable achievement in biography or criticism. Neither work makes any pretence to assist us to a new or profounder estimate of the Protector and his work. Possibly indeed such an estimate is not to be sought. Cromwell, the man, has been revealed to us once for all by Carlyle, and in face of his splendid vindication of his hero we are not likely to hear any more of that stuffed doll of violence, ambition and cant that was so long paraded through the highway of history as the effigy of Oliver. Of Cromwell the statesman we have now an estimate from the historian who is uniquely qualified to make one; and Dr. Gardiner's word on that subject is perhaps the last, as it is the best. It is, at any rate, singularly masculine and judicious, and for these qualities, as well as for its sound learning, may be recommended as a useful antidote to much that has recently been appearing in the Press.

A man like Cromwell cannot be satisfactorily treated from the standpoint of the modern Nonconformist, or of any sectarian of any type. He was too clear-sighted, too direct, too little imbued with doctrinaire convictions to be taken as the prophet and champion of any of our modern programme-policies. From the beginning to the end of his career he was a hand-to-hand fighter, doing the next thing simply because it had to be done, doing it always with splendid success for the moment, and troubling himself as little as a man may with general theories or ideas. Properly speaking he never had a distinctly conceived policy; he waited on events and turned them to what account he could. At the beginning he took arms to limit the power of the King, and had no more idea, in those earlier years, of destroying the framework of the government than any other man on the Parliament side. Convinced by bitter experience that it was impossible to come to terms with Charles, he cut off his head, not without hesitation, not even without regret, but simply because he saw nothing else to do. The King removed, there remained the Parliament. With them, too, he would have compromised if he could; with them too he found it impossible. After much debate and oscillation, trying this way and that, he was driven to put an end to them, as he had to the King. Not that he wanted to—"I have sought the Lord night and day," he said, "that He would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work"—not that he had in his mind any definite substitute to propose, but simply because, as he thought, he couldn't help himself. He was no enemy of Parliaments, any more than of monarchy; simply he was determined that, whatever were the form of government, there should be no reaction. The work he had done was not to be undone, so long as he could help it. He would govern, if he could, with the help of a Parliament, if not, without it; but govern he would, because so only he could maintain his cause. From point to point he was driven on by the inexorable necessities of the position till he found himself enforcing on a reluctant people, at the point of the sword, a system of government and religion which they abhorred as they had never abhorred the tyranny of Strafford and Laud. In all this there is no constitutional or political idea at all—for that we must

go to Lilburne and his Levellers; there is simply the masterful will of a man of genius sincerely convinced that he stood for the cause of God. Mr. Pike quotes in his book, apparently with approval, a statement to the effect that Cromwell went to Ireland "with the law in one hand, and with liberty, fraternity and equality in the other." It is difficult to conceive a remark more grotesquely paradoxical. The notion of "liberty, fraternity, equality" as held by modern men, was as remote from Cromwell's imagination as from that of any other of the Puritan leaders. What he cared about was liberty of conscience—a very different thing. For political liberty he had no enthusiasm, still less for social equality. The English revolution was never touched by specifically social ideas. Its leaders were country gentlemen of large estate, conservative even in their political, still more in their economic sympathies; and at no time did they concern themselves even remotely with what is to us the burning question of poverty. The institution of tithes, it is true, was attacked by the Barebones Parliament, but from the point of view of religion, not of property; and so alarmed were the majority of that much-maligned assembly at the notions of their more radical colleagues, that they voluntarily resigned their powers into the hands of the Protector. That Oliver himself had no sympathy with the revolutionary element in this Parliament is clear from his speech of 21 April, 1657, where he treats the whole episode as "a story of my own weakness and folly."

The fact is that Cromwell's main, if not his exclusive interest, so far at least as home politics are concerned, was not political or social, but religious. He was prepared, he said, and doubtless with sincerity, to see Mahomedanism professed in England, rather than that the least of the saints of God should suffer wrong. He did in fact admit the profession of Judaism. But even this policy of toleration he was unable to carry out consistently. Political necessities drove him to persecution. Anglicanism he could not tolerate because it was identified with the system it was his business to fight. He proscribed the Prayer-book, as he proscribed the Mass; and a genuine and devoted adherent of the episcopal Church might justly complain that the effect of the revolution had been simply to substitute one tyranny for another. It was not Cromwell who established liberty of conscience in England. Neither did he prepare the way for disestablishment. On the contrary, he believed in an established Church; he believed in the maintenance of tithes; he believed in lay patronage, and was himself, in fact, the patron of more than half the livings in England. The formula of "a free Church in a free State" was not his. Here, indeed, as elsewhere, he had no formula at all. His one aim was to provide for the appointment and maintenance of those whom he believed to be godly ministers; and his method, in this as in other matters, was to see to the business himself. In his religious, as in his constitutional policy, he had no definite system; he was guided simply by his own sense and the necessities of the hour.

And the results? If men were to be judged by their permanent material achievement, Cromwell would hardly find a place among the Great. Of the institutions of England there is not one that owes its origin to him. Nothing that he created survived him; and that which he maintained while he was alive was but a Puritan parody of the Reign of Thorough. There is not one of the acts of Charles I. that may not be paralleled in arbitrariness by acts of Cromwell. Both raised money on their own authority in defiance of Parliament; both tampered with the independence of the judges; both interfered with the freedom of religious observance. But Cromwell went further than the King had ever dared to do. In every county he planted a petty military despot to suppress tumults, watch suspected persons, supervise public morals and sports, and levy from his political enemies a tenth part of their income. Such was the finale of a revolution whose aim was civil and religious liberty! It is not in the spirit of cynicism that we emphasise the catastrophe. What Cromwell did he had to do; for the irony of the conclusion the whole tissue of fact, rather than he, was responsible.

But in any estimate that may be formed of him stress must be laid not upon his work but upon himself. That Cromwell was one of the greatest not only of Englishmen but of men, we do most emphatically believe. None the less is it true that, judged by results, his career was a failure. Everything that he put his hand to he achieved with triumphant success; everything that he achieved collapsed as soon as his hand was withdrawn.

#### REMBRANDT IN PHOTOGRAVURE.

"The Rembrandt Exhibition at Amsterdam." Forty photogravures with letterpress. By Dr. C. Hofstede de Groot. London: E. J. van Wisselingh. 1899.

THE first part of this magnificent work has reached us, containing a quarter of the whole number of reproductions to be issued. The editor is Dr. de Groot, who played an important part in the arrangement of the Amsterdam Exhibition. His letterpress will be issued doubtless with the concluding part, and the plan appears to be to send out the plates in the order of their completion and leave their arrangement to the end. The plates are of large size, ranging from eighteen to twenty inches by fifteen to sixteen according to the shape of the picture. They are of remarkable quality. Compared with them the illustrations to Dr. Bode's monumental publication of Rembrandt's whole works are catalogue illustrations, excellent for their purpose but giving nothing like this close rendering of the forms, chiaroscuro and handling of the pictures. They are much better, if we may trust our memory, than the reproductions of the Cassel Rembrandts, a fairer comparison. A painter looking at these prints can reconstruct Rembrandt's drawing, follow his touch, recall the character of the pigment, in a word study the pictures almost as if the originals were before him. Photogravure, studied in this way, inevitably falsifies in one respect our memory of paintings. The general tone is smokier, and when the eye has become accustomed to the rendering it goes back to the blonder original with surprise. This inevitable defect is more noticeable in the reproduction of paintings of the smoother sort, where to get sufficient gradation in the high lights the lower darks have to be drowned in a general tone. The vigorously handled later work reproduces with a vigour that goes even beyond the paint, but the slight exaggeration has its uses for the student in bringing out the method of the brush.

In his choice among the pictures shown at Amsterdam the editor has doubtless been forced to some extent to consider lenders as well as the merit of the pictures, and this will account for the inclusion of a few works not of the first interest. Thus in the present instalment we have the "Rembrandt with a Red Cap" from Weimar, one of the heavier, more commonplace examples of these studies. Other pictures are interesting in their way, and must figure doubtless in any selection which is to be "representative." Such are the "Landscape with the Good Samaritan," of 1638 (shown also in London) and the "Peace of Westphalia." About such inclusions there is room for difference of taste, but we have only to enumerate the remaining plates to show that no one can complain that the masterpieces are passed over. To begin with there is the Queen's "Lady with a Fan," Captain Holford's "Old Lady," and the Duke of Westminster's "Nicolas Berghem." Then there is the "Bathsheba" of the Baron Steengracht's collection at the Hague, less familiar to English eyes. The "Bathsheba" of the Louvre is a variation on a part of this picture, painted about ten years later. Finally there are three superb pieces, the Earl Spencer's "Boy" formerly called "The Prince of Orange," Lord Iveagh's "Rembrandt with a Palette," of 1656, and the so-called "Jewish Bride" of the Ryks Museum. This last picture, the portrait of a man and woman, is a climax in Rembrandt's search for magnificence in effects of stuff and metal. What he sought for in earlier pictures by amassing jewels, dishes, furniture, he gains here without any air of bric-à-brac collection from the passage of light across the man's sleeve, a piece of painting that encroaches in

its fat modelling on the art of sculpture. But the invention and execution of the whole picture are so consummate that this dazzling passage has no effect of pretentiousness. It is like a burst of golden trumpets in a wedding march that exalts our vision of those wonderful heads and hands, and the bridegroom's grave caress. This is the masterpiece filtered out of a whole succession of trials like the "Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife." The editor should get the help of an Englishman to prevent small mistakes in the translation of titles and so forth for the English edition, but this is a very small matter; the prints are the thing and they are first-rate.

#### ANECDOTAGE.

"Reminiscences." By Justin McCarthy, M.P. In two volumes. London: Chatto and Windus. 1899.

IN the course of a long journalistic and political career Mr. Justin McCarthy has made the personal acquaintance of nearly every man and woman celebrated in letters, politics, art, science, and the drama on both sides of the Atlantic during the last half-century. Brougham, Wendell Holmes, Emerson, Sumner, Ward Beecher, Ulysses Grant, George Eliot, Jowett, Stanley, Randolph Churchill, Manning, Newman, Madox Brown, Matthew Arnold, Robert Lowe, George Meredith, Trollope, Charles Mathews, and Gladstone are some of the great personages to whom Mr. McCarthy presents us. We advance eagerly to the encounter, only alas! to hear a pointless story, or listen to a few banal sentences from an apparently trivial person. We are reminded of Heine's disappointment on meeting Goethe, when the conversation could not get beyond a more stimulating topic than the yellow plums which grew in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg. Heine says the fault was his own, which may or may not have been the case, for he was almost as great a genius as Goethe. But Mr. McCarthy has no claims to genius, and we must therefore ascribe to the writer our disappointment on reading these two bulky volumes of reminiscences. Their dullness is largely ascribable to Mr. Justin McCarthy's exasperatingly amiable character. If a man makes up his mind to say nothing but good about his fellows he will not be a teller of good stories; for there is much truth in the French proverb, "*Diseur de bons mots, mauvais caractère*." It is not only that Mr. McCarthy cannot bring himself to say anything unkind about anybody (except perhaps Charles Kingsley, whose muscular Christianity he disliked), but he regards all his celebrities as his personal friends. Nearly everyone is introduced as "my dear old friend." There is a certain style of reminiscence which exactly suits a certain class of audience. It consists in mentioning the fact that you have met a certain celebrated person at dinner, that you talked with him, and found him quite an agreeable companion. The majority of your audience will be perfectly satisfied, though there may be some sarcastic person, like Wenham, who says, "a devilish interesting story." Mr. McCarthy's reminiscences are largely of this order, and they do not amuse us, for we think that if you have nothing really pointed to say about a celebrity, you had better leave him alone. We will give an instance of Mr. McCarthy's method as a *raconteur*. "At Dean Stanley's house I first met Professor Jowett, whom I had always expected to find a sort of intellectual tyrant: but whom, on the contrary, I found very good-natured, agreeable, and gracious in manner." That is all, and it is, as Thackeray's wag would say, a devilish interesting story.

We do not mean to say that there are not some entertaining chapters in the book, for Mr. McCarthy has a pleasant, easy, style of writing, and his portrait gallery is very large. One of the best stories is about an encounter with Lord Brougham, though a good deal of the fun is derived from the dialect of those days. Mr. McCarthy was a young journalist, who had just made a speech at some meeting of the Social Science Association, of which Lord Brougham was chairman, and he was wandering about the Guildhall in search of luncheon. "There stood Lord Brougham



with his hat thrown far back upon his head, and he grasped in one hand an emptied wineglass, while in the palm of the other he displayed some coins—change apparently, which he held up to the eyes of the girl in charge of the bar with the indignant gesture of a London cabman who exhibits what he conceives to be an unsatisfactory fare, and asks indignantly, 'What's this?' . . . Lord Brougham's eyes suddenly turned on me, and he put his glass on the counter, and still holding the change in one hand, he rushed up to me, clutched my arm with the fussiness and fury of gesture which were peculiar to him, and he uttered the words, 'I say, you made a devilish clever speech; I didn't agree with all of it—in fact some of it was nonsense—but it was a damned clever speech. Who the devil are you?' One day Henry Ward Beecher opened a letter in his pulpit, according to his custom, which he found contained a single word, "Fool." He mentioned the fact to his congregation, and then quietly added, "Now I have known many an instance of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign his name; but this is the only instance I have ever known of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter." That is perhaps Mr. McCarthy's best story, though we suspect it is "a chestnut" in the United States. As an example of the indiscriminating praise which Mr. McCarthy metes out to his friends take the following. "Fletcher Moulton is, like Sir Alexander Cockburn, one of the men whom Nature has qualified for success alike at the Bar and in the House of Commons." Mr. Fletcher Moulton is far too clever a man not to see the stupidity of the comparison and the assertion. We were not aware that Sir Howard Vincent was "the honest broker" who brought Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Parnell together for their celebrated conference on Home Rule, but the fact, recorded in these pages, is worth remembering. Mr. McCarthy's sketches of the Irish members, though slight and of course laudatory, are as good as anything in these two volumes, which contain such a variety of personalities, of a mild kind, that they are sure to find a large public.

#### MODERN NAVAL TRANSPORT.

"Life of Admiral Sir William Robert Mends, G.C.B., late Director of Transports." By his son, Bowen Stilon Mends. London: Murray. 1899.

AN account of the career of a naval officer which began in 1827 and ended in 1883 should be valuable to the general public if it contributes to our knowledge concerning the gradual transformation of the old navy into the fleet of to-day. Little has been written about war shipping during the period intermediate between the peace of 1815 and the Russian war, when ancient equipment and sea customs were curiously blended with the advance of science and civilisation. To bring out such points requires contemporary knowledge, and in this respect we should have had a better result if the admiral had employed his leisure after retirement in compiling his own reminiscences. As a substitute we have a series of letters which, however interesting, do not supply the want; letters, written on the spur of the moment, often contain reflections which time may show to be unwise.

Admiral Mends joined the Navy in 1827, the year of Navarino and a time of stagnation in all that concerns the fleet. Our ships were badly constructed and indifferently manned. We had established a School of Naval Architecture at Portsmouth; but it was based more upon theory than practice, and had little influence upon shipbuilding. Its abolition came a few years later. The founding of the Royal Yacht Club—now the Squadron—had a more beneficial effect owing to the interest some of its members took in ship construction, and the influence they exerted upon the Admiralty in the introduction of the Symondite class. In the meantime each board had its own building hobbies. One produced a small inefficient class of seventy-four gunships generally known as the "Forty Thieves." Another First Lord directed the construction of a number of twenty-eight gunships which as they could neither fight nor run were equally well known as "Donkey Frigates:" while our brigs from

their tendency to capsize were significantly styled floating coffins. If young Mends had no opportunity during his early career of distinction in war service—for after Navarino we had the Burmah and China wars—he at least took part in some stirring incidents. His first ship was the "Thetis," 46-gun frigate, in which on 28 February, 1827 he sailed for South America. It was probably her bad sailing qualities which led to her shipwreck three years afterwards off Cape Frio in Brazil. Three days after leaving Rio Janeiro they discovered themselves close to a high cliff, and the loss of their masts drove them right on to it. The narrative is given in a graphic manner by young Mends. So deep was the water that he was enabled to jump off the ship on to the rocks, but then the "Thetis" drifted into a cove and nearly all the crew were saved. A commission in the Mediterranean led to his observing the embarkation of a Russian army at Constantinople in 1832, a proceeding which much impressed him for its celerity. His mind seems then to have turned to the question of transport of troops and this proved of good service to him over twenty years later.

As a midshipman of the "Pique" he was with Captain the Hon. H. T. Rous when he performed his famous exploit of bringing her across the Atlantic with an improvised rudder. She had previously been nearly wrecked off the coast of Labrador, having got on shore and received severe damage. Only her strong construction saved her from going to pieces. Captain Symonds had been appointed Surveyor of the Navy, and the "Pique" was one of his earliest ships. Their superiority in sailing astonished everybody, and now came a severe test in another direction. The "Memoirs of Sir William Symonds" contains the following letter to him from Captain Rous: "Your beautiful ship has had the hardest thumping that ever was stood by wood and iron. A strong current swept us in on the shore, off Labrador, and we lay on the rocks, beating our souls out for 10½ mortal hours. Three days after we left the land we lost our rudder, the pintles of which must have been broken by the rocks, and we steered her home by fifteen fathoms of cable." The cable was towed astern with two hawsers secured to the end, one being brought in to each side of the ship. On hauling in either hawser the cable acted as a rudder, though of course imperfectly. The credit attached to this proceeding overshadowed the blame for getting on shore. Captain Rous afterwards stood for Westminster. On the hustings some one called out "Who are you?" to which he answered heartily "Captain Rous of the 'Pique' who brought her across the Atlantic without a rudder." "Bravo Rous!" shouted everybody; and "Bravo Rous" became for a time the common cry in London.

William Mends duly passed through the grades of lieutenant and commander, and in 1852 was promoted to post captain. Then followed an important period of his life occupying the greater part of this volume. On Sir Edmund Lyons being appointed second in command in the Mediterranean owing to the approaching war with Russia Captain Mends received command of his flagship, the "Agamemnon," one of the new screw two-deckers. When the Governments of England and France ordered the invasion of the Crimea the great question was how to get the combined armies across the Black Sea and land them on the enemy's shores. To Sir Edmund Lyons Admiral Dundas committed the arrangements of this operation, and the details naturally fell into the hands of his flag captain. Then the talent for organisation, of which Captain Mends had given indication as commander of a line-of-battleship, became apparent. Remembering what he had observed at Constantinople in 1832 when the Russian troops were embarked by the boats of the fleet in twelve hours, he drew up a plan of which Lord Raglan said "It is the best scheme of transport I have ever seen." Of chief importance, however, was the disembarking of the army on an open beach, opposed, as it might be, by the enemy. The details for this, planned by Captain Mends, were no less elaborate; and the fact that owing to certain circumstances they suffered considerable change at the crucial moment does not detract from the merit of the conception. Sir William Mends appears to have felt

then and years afterwards that he did not receive sufficient credit for the operation from Admiral Dundas; but it was brought under the notice of the Admiralty and doubtless helped to secure him the appointment of director of transports. As flag captain to the admiral entrusted with the operations it was moreover his duty to prepare such a plan. His allusions to Admiral Dundas are very severe, and, written on the spur of the moment, in a bracy atmosphere of energetic counsels, probably unduly so. At any rate forty-five years afterwards we may question the expediency of reproducing such remarks. Captain Mends entirely confirms the estimate of Lord Lyons given in Captain Eardley-Wilmot's life of that officer. "Sir Edmund," he says, "reminds me of all I have heard and read of Lord Nelson. This expedition engrossed all his thoughts. He goes to bed at eleven, is up at five; sees everybody, inspires everybody with spirit and zeal, looks into everything."

In the spring of 1857 Captain Mends went home to take up an appointment in the Coastguard—which had lately been reorganised—and in 1862 he became director of transports. This branch had existed as a separate department in the last century but later became merged in the Victualling Office. The Crimean expedition showed the inconvenience of this, and we then established a temporary Transport Board. Later on the Indian Mutiny made it evident that sea transport for this country must be organised on a permanent basis, and Captain Mends became the first chief of a new office. His aptitude for organisation led to admirable results, and his name is known to this generation principally as director of transports, for he continued in this office twenty years before finally retiring in 1883.

The declining days of a useful and honourable life were spent by the picturesque Solent, closing on the anniversary of Her Majesty's Jubilee, two years ago, as the guns from a vast fleet at Spithead proclaimed the approach of the Royal yacht. While not a few of these letters might have been excerpted with advantage, there is much—especially in the early part—which is interesting in this biography, and tending to add to our knowledge of old sea ways.

#### A NATIONAL ANTHOLOGY.

"The Shakespeare Anthology, 1592-1616. The Jonson Anthology, 1617-1637. The Milton Anthology, 1638-1674." 3 vols. Edited by Professor Edward Arber. London: Frowde. 1899.

NO one who is interested in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can mention the name of Professor Edward Arber without respect and gratitude. To his disinterested energy and enthusiasm we owe it that many literary treasures which were both rare and expensive are now within the reach of everybody, excellently printed and excellently edited. His transcript of the Stationers' Registers is a monumental work. His "English Garner" deserves a place beside the Harleian Miscellany. As an English bibliographer he is second to no man living. It is therefore with very great regret that we feel ourselves unable to congratulate him on his present enterprise. The merits of his work begin, and we are sorry to say end, with the general scheme and framework, which are ingenious and happy. The area covered in his Anthologies is from 1401 to 1800. This long period is mapped out into ten eras; to each of these eras a volume is assigned, and every volume takes its name from the leading poet of the said era. Thus the "Dunbar Anthology" covers the period between 1401 and 1508, the "Surrey and Wyatt Anthology" between 1509 and 1547; so follow, and on the same principle, the "Spenser," "Shakespeare," "Jonson," "Milton," "Dryden," "Pope," "Goldsmith," and "Cowper" Anthologies. As the Scotch poets are not excepted, judging at least from the inclusion of Dunbar, it is not easy to see, by the way, why a "Burns Anthology" has not the honour of a place.

On this plan an excellent national anthology might undoubtedly be compiled. But it would require qualifications such as are rarely found united in a single scholar, a minute and comprehensive acquaintance not merely with the highways but with the bypaths of our

poetical literature, refined taste at once catholic and discriminating, the nicest critical judgment. Such a work would in truth be the last triumph of culture and the last triumph of literary erudition. The only successful works of this kind have been the result of co-operation, such as, to take an illustration from French literature, M. Crépet's "Les Poètes Français," and from our own literature Mr. Humphry Ward's "English Poets." But we have not to apply any ideal standard to Professor Arber's anthologies to discover, we regret to say, their deplorable deficiencies. The greater part of the extracts in the volumes before us appear to have been chosen simply at haphazard. Of any principle of selection beyond that of excluding what is typically and essentially excellent in the work of the poets represented there is not the smallest indication. In very few cases, for example, are any extracts given from long poems. It might have been expected that instead of "pitchforking" the greater part of Milton's minor poems into the volumes, Professor Arber would have illustrated him by judiciously chosen extracts from his Epics and two dramatic works; that Sir John Davies would have been represented not by such trash as "A Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow and a Maid," but by some stanzas from the "Nosce Teipsum," and Sir William Davenant not by some perfectly commonplace minor lyrics but by some stanzas from "Gondibert." We find twelve pages assigned to the rubbish of Henry Hughes and John Wade, eleven pages to the stilted falsetto of Cartwright, while four pages only are allotted to Dr. Donne, who is moreover represented not by those lyric masterpieces with which every lover of his poetry is familiar, but by four poems which with one exception scarcely rise above mediocrity. While Shakespeare is despatched in sixteen pages no less than twenty-three are assigned to Campion. If there be dross in a poet we are pretty sure to have a surfeit of it; if there be a gem it is almost certain to be missed. We will give a few illustrations. In the twenty-three pages assigned to Campion, the exquisite blank-verse lyric "Rose-cheek'd Laura come" is conspicuous by its absence. In the thirty-six pages allotted to Ben Jonson neither the Epitaph on Elizabeth nor the "Break Phantasy from thy cave of cloud" is given. Poor Cowley fares even worse—while his miserable "A Vote" is honoured with selection, his magnificent Hymn to Light, his touching poem on the death of Harvey and on the death of Crashaw, the majestic opening of his Pindarique "Begin the Song," and his graceful anacreontics are unrepresented. But no poets perhaps fare so badly as Lodge and Andrew Marvel. In the case of the first we search in vain for "The Siren," "Rosalind's Madrigal," and "Homeric Hearts," though we duly find his lumbering "Like Desert Woods" and his perfectly commonplace "My Bonny Lass"; in the case of the second we look in vain for "The Thoughts in a Garden," "The Bermudas," "A Drop of Dew," and the powerful poem "To his Coy Mistress." Again what competent editor could, in selecting from the poems of Dr. Henry King, deliberately choose the lyric "Tell me no more," and deliberately reject the "Requiem"? But turn where we will in Professor Arber's volumes disappointments and surprises meet us in the case of almost every poet from whose works he gives selections. It may be pleaded that these are matters of taste and opinion. We readily concede that this is the case. But of one thing we feel quite sure, that we shall not be alone in an opinion which we have felt it our duty to express. Of Professor Arber's abilities and qualifications as a critic he has not given us an opportunity of directly judging, for he has sent these volumes into the world without prefaces, without introductions and with notes so meagre and puerile that they appear to be designed for the edification of children. Professor Arber would do well to remember Horace's advice, "Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam viribus," and betake himself to some less ambitious task than he has here assayed. By a revised edition for example of Lowndes' "Bibliographical Manual" he would lay all who care for English literature under a real obligation. By a work like the present he simply exposes incompetence and a total ignorance of his particular limitations.



## TRUE TALES OF THE INSECTS.

"True Tales of the Insects." By L. N. Badenoch.  
London: Chapman and Hall. 1899.

IT is rarely that one finds entomological subjects treated in a manner at once correct in their scientific details and interesting from the more or less popular point of view. The book before us combines these characteristics. It falls naturally into two parts, the first dealing with the Orthoptera, the second with the Lepidoptera; and so far as the former order is much less generally studied by specialists than the latter, the earlier chapters assume an enhanced interest which the excellent method of the author must bring home very forcibly to her readers. The Orthoptera which are treated in this book are the Mantids, the Phasmids, the locusts and grasshoppers.

The Mantids illustrate in the highest degree what has been called "aggressive resemblance." They respond accurately in colour and markings to their environment, and are thus in great measure protected from their enemies; at the same time their similarity to the vegetation among which they hide allows them to hunt successfully bees, flies, and other swift-flying insects upon which they prey. The author shows that the praying attitude of *Mantis religiosa* and its congeners and the colours that respond so exactly to their environment are but masks that hide a ferocity almost unequalled among insects, and make the Brazilian name of "the devil's riding-horse" a much more suitable cognomen than the "prie-dieu" of the Provençals, or the "praying-insect" of the English-speaking nations. The life-history of the Mantis seems carefully worked out, and the suggestions arising from its resemblance to its environment and the fitness of its organisation to its mode of life are, in the main, interesting and logical.

We see repeated a statement which has recently been discussed before one of the metropolitan entomological societies, viz. that eggs of *Mantis religiosa* "do not hatch until June, and only after a lapse of nearly three months the Mantis arrives at the perfect state." How far this statement is correct we do not know, but at Digne in the Basses-Alpes, in the neighbourhood of Cannes and other places in South France, the empty egg-masses may be found throughout March and April, and the Mantis itself has often already attained a length of an inch before the end of the latter month. Our observations lead us to suppose that, in Southern Europe, at least five or six months are necessary for the insect to reach the adult stage after leaving the egg. Our author's notes, too, on the dimorphism of *Mantis religiosa* hardly tally with our observations. On the treeless slopes of the Italian side of the Mont Cenis Pass, a mile or two above Susa, this species is most abundant, and, having no chance of maintaining its usual habit as a tree insect, becomes here specially addicted to the fields and naturally spends much of its time on the ground. Under these conditions both green and pale-brown forms occur in the same fields at one time, maintaining their existence side by side, the green undoubtedly owing its salvation to its resemblance to the herbage, the pale-brown form to its tint resembling that of the earth on which it rests, whilst each becomes in turn conspicuous when it leaves the vegetation and ground respectively.

As the carnivorous Mantids form excellent types of those insects that are protectively coloured for aggressive and offensive purposes, so their more or less distant allies, the Phasmids, exhibit better perhaps than any other insects the phenomena of protective coloration and modification of form, for purely defensive purposes, their safety residing absolutely in their immobility and the inability of their enemies to detect their resting-places. Their similarity to twigs has earned for the more slender and delicate unwinged forms the popular name of "walking-sticks," whilst the great resemblance, even in matters of detail, of the tegmina of others to leaves, has led to their being called "walking-leaves." Probably nothing about these insects is more interesting than their distribution and the philosophical problems arising from the consideration thereof. Phasmids are of

almost universal distribution in the warm portions of the globe—Australia, India, and the East Indies being the districts in which they are most abundant. New Zealand, however, produces many wingless forms, and the American species are also largely apterous; on the other hand, the insects are rare in tropical Africa. Briefly it may be said that the Phasmids are confined to verdant regions where succulent food is readily to be procured. These facts illustrate two important features of the Phasmid economy: first, their immense distribution in the tropical regions of the world; secondly, the localisation of their species and their inability to spread far owing to their dependence on an immediate supply of food and their excessively restricted powers of locomotion. The wide distribution of the Phasmids, considered in connexion with the last-named fact, suggests for them an antiquity almost immeasurable in its conception, and the discovery of the Protophasmids in the coal measures of France throws back their origin at least into Palæozoic times, whilst the close alliance and strict localisation of the species in restricted areas suggest that their retired and sedentary habits readily tend to isolation, and this isolation to the development of species "confined to somewhat narrow geographical limits." Specialisation to environment, in superficial characters, must necessarily precede specialisation in structure, and the further study of the Phasmid species will undoubtedly throw much light on the broader questions underlying the nature of species.

The author gives a very interesting account of the life-histories of the Acridiidae, and discusses at length the habits of migratory locusts, with the American literature bearing on which she shows an intimate acquaintance. There are, however, one or two details with regard to the migrations described to which one might take objection, e.g. the statement that the *Schistocerca peregrina* that were captured in Britain in 1869 probably arrived by crossing the German Ocean. It is a well-ascertained fact that no specimens were observed anywhere on the Continent of Europe in that year, and in the British Islands the visitors were confined to Waterford, Warwick, Worcester, Derby, Stafford and Nottingham. Had they crossed the German Ocean, the insects would surely have been observed in Central Europe; had they crossed the English Channel one would have expected records from France or Spain. The most reasonable explanation is that they had left Africa and were flying out to sea over the Atlantic when contrary winds drove them in the direction of the British Isles, a few only of the swarm reaching our shores.

In the second part of the book many interesting subjects relating to Lepidoptera are discussed—mimicry, protective resemblance, and migration among others. Here we may congratulate our author on the happy choice of the Castniids and the Uraniids as illustrating the artificial division between butterflies and moths, and we need not say how completely she is in touch with modern views when she writes: "Though we may speak of Rhopaloceros and of Heteroceros characters, there is no one character which infallibly severs the two divisions, another instance of the fact that the naturalist has continually to face, the necessarily arbitrary nature of classification. The more intimate our knowledge of animal forms, past and present, becomes, the more our demarcations give way between all classificatory divisions, even from variety to kingdom. As we arrive at a true conception of the relations of animals, we realise the closer approach of the different groups until we perceive an almost continual chain."

The "chain" simile suggests a remnant of linear evolution; we should prefer a radial simile, but the idea intended is the same, and its logical bearing is unanswerable as our knowledge of facts becomes more abundant. In fact, generally, the accuracy of the scientific details in this book is beyond question, the illustrations are good, and the whole work is intellectual to a degree seldom attained by those who attempt to make natural science popular.

## "IN PLEASANT TIVIEDALE."

"A History of the Border Counties (Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles)." By Sir George Douglas, Bart. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1899.

HISTORY, as Carlyle said, is the essence of innumerable biographies. In the true sense the History of Scotland is being at last made possible, through the materials supplied by these county histories and the issues of the learned clubs and societies. For in the North the constitutional element is little or nothing; there is no Hallam and no one great landmark like the Long Parliament. Everything is romantic, episodic, and intricately bound up with family and personal issues, so that "the ell of genealogy" with which Lockhart said it was necessary to begin every biography of his countrymen is becoming more and more important, as it is all the more impossible to the one man who should boldly essay to write the complete history of the country from the beginning to the close. The feuds, the plots, the cabals, the rise and fall of families, are beyond the one man. Burton was no mean genealogist, but he had a dry legal mind not too favourable to the romantic side of his subject, and much has been done in his own province since his day. His first volume, perhaps, was inadequate to the standard of knowledge at the time, and the throne of Scottish history has been vacant. We cannot regard with equanimity the attempt on it by Mr. Lang in his already announced first volume. It will be lively, nothing more.

Indeed we fear the last of the great literary historians has been seen. The dimensions of any one epoch and its full treatment, according to modern lights, from family and State papers have been fast reducing the study of the subject to that of special passages and periods. We shall, therefore, have no more of the "classic" Humes, and all such writers "without whom no gentleman's library is complete," who wrote their flowing periods at their ease on places they had never seen and from theories which they had never investigated. The great antiquarian and biographical bibliography at the end of this volume will show that fully to do justice to these Border counties alone is the task of a lifetime backed by the feelings and the local knowledge of a native. And Sir George Douglas has done his work well, though he gracefully but needlessly depreciates his own fitness as being but "by birth and blood a half foreigner and alien." He has availed himself of the latest local work by enthusiastic Border antiquaries, and of the great family records, so that he explodes many an old legend. In such a work novel theories and fresh views are neither necessary nor desired, but the care and accuracy with which the mass of details has been sifted are evident on every page.

The volume should afford excellent reading to all interested in the romantic history of these counties, so rich in song and legend. It is the district, perhaps, with which the merely English reader is best acquainted, and the book should be of service in freeing the Southron mind for ever from some favourite delusions. The Anglican cleric in the country of Scott is yearly voluble in his declamation over the destruction of the famous abbeys and monastic foundations. Are we not all too familiar with his over-ready acceptance of a shibboleth about Presbyterian intolerance, fanaticism, and vandalism? The whole story of their wanton ruin by Henry VIII. and his myrmidons should give such people pause and food for serious reflection. Some greater treatment we might have wished of the ever-fresh and inexhaustible subject of the ballads and songs, for what the author says of Hogg (p. 427) is sufficient to show that he was quite competent to have handled extensively a topic to which, indeed, he has himself contributed both in prose and verse.

The series when completed should really prove the best history of Scotland, till the rise of another Scott. The author writes in an easy and graceful style, free from all pedantries and showy allusiveness. The hearty national tone, natural to a Borderer of all men, is none the less to be welcomed. The ecclesiastical opinions are also all that can be desired, a point that the judi-

cious and the knowing will regard as calling for emphatic approbation. In Scotland nowadays everyone is so much in agreement over the national traditions, aspirations, and spirit as to resent the tone that regards flippancies about the Church of Scotland as signs of wit and breeding. Here Sir George Douglas in his accurate and careful work has shown an excellent example, and one which could be followed with advantage by writers of the house of Blackwood, whose tone for many a day has been offensive and notorious to Scotland. Well would it be for Mr. Andrew Lang, if in time he could see the errors of taste and of history which in this respect he has committed. Flippancy is not the first merit of the serious historian.

## THE BENIN BRONZES.

"Antiquities from the City of Benin and from other parts of West Africa in the British Museum." By Charles Hercules Read, Keeper of the Department of British and Mediæval Antiquities, and Ormonde Maddock Dalton, Senior Assistant in the Department. Printed by order of the Trustees.

IT is a pity that this magnificent folio should have been spoilt by bad binding, so that its leaves crumple instead of lying flat; but the photographic reproductions of these beautiful and curious bronzes and ivories are simply admirable and the exposition leaves nothing to be desired—or rather nothing to be added. West Africa is a country without written history; strangers, both Christians and Mahomedans, have visited it and have written of it; but native records do not exist, and therefore much in these representations of historic scenes cannot be elucidated. But in default of documents to explain them, these bronze panels brought from the city of Benin after its recent overthrow are in themselves, as the editors observe, "a historical document which has no parallel in the records of savage Africa." They show us graphically life in the most notable West African city as it was when Europeans first appeared in it and they prove the degree of culture which these Europeans either found or established there.

It is possible that European models were not unknown to the people of Benin before Europeans visited West Africa. A cast bronze jug made in England about 1400 was found in Ashanti a few years ago, and may have reached that country by way of Central Africa. It may on the other hand have been brought out as part of the furniture of some English vessel in the reign of Elizabeth or later. But it is fair at all events to infer that the Benin folk were familiar with the art of bronze casting before the time when the white men came to their city, according to native tradition, in the reign of King Esige. This tradition has been collected from leading persons in Benin, ju-ju men and witch doctors, and set down in a report by Sir Ralph Moor; here is the passage which bears on the matter. "When the white men came in the time when Esige was king, a man named Ahammangiwa came with them. He made brasswork and plaques for the king, he stayed a very long time—he had many wives but no children—the king gave him plenty of boys to teach. We can make brasswork now, but not as he made it, because he and all his boys are dead." Since the death of Esige, native tradition preserves the names of twelve sovereigns, excluding those who only reigned for a short time, and this brings his date to about the middle of the sixteenth century, which coincides with the evidence of the panels. On them are shown in high relief figures of black men and of white; the armour and costume which the whites wear are those of the sixteenth century. Ahammangiwa, whoever he may have been, was no doubt an armourer such as in those days every ship carried. But the excellence of the work produced makes it pretty clear that he cannot have been working on raw material in the matter of pupils. It seems quite possible to distinguish the objects manufactured by the Portuguese for themselves, spoons, horns and cups carved in ivory, and richly ornamented with European emblems, such as the arms of Portugal and the shield of the Knights of



Malta, from the rougher native work in which only the more obvious symbols, such as the cross, are introduced and the heraldic ones where they appear are imperfectly understood. The native work is not equal to the products of European skill in finish and quality, but it is really artistic and decorative beyond its quaintness. In it you see figures of Europeans equipped for sport with their matchlock in hand and dog at heel; or in full armour paying a visit of state to a native king; you see other tableaux where the European does not appear, but the native king enters attended by captives. In these cases oddly enough the captives are on horseback, the captors on foot, though their relative importance is sufficiently indicated by the pigmy size of the captives. One chief in a ceremonial picture is shown on horseback, but he sits side saddle. Some of the plaques are held to be later in date than the others, but the conventional type of figure never varies; the European costume is always that of the sixteenth century, and the negro is never represented with firearms. There seems to be no sufficient evidence for determining when the various pieces of work were executed nor what stage of proficiency in craftsmanship the negroes had reached when their European instructor took them in hand. One can only say that it must have been considerable if they could at once produce such objects. Per contra, there is evidence that the main import trade consisted of metal objects exchanged for ivory and jungle produce, which would lead one to suppose that very little metal-work was done in the country. At all events the bronzes prove a high degree of skill not merely in design but in the process of casting. A good many of them are modelled cups with figures round the base; but the most interesting remains are the plaques which show by the holes for nails made at the corners that they were meant for mural decoration. They were found, however, for the most part lying about in different houses; and it may be inferred that, as each king was buried under the floor of his own house, either some division of the house was set apart for the habitation of his ghost, or the house itself abandoned; and the objects that were his special property would be left in this kind of shrine. Whatever be their history there is no question that these things form a curious illustration of the half-barbarous civilisation which the Portuguese succeeded in establishing in several parts of West Africa. The first Englishman who visited Benin found its king able to speak Portuguese.

#### VERSE AND VERSE.

"Poems of Emile Verhaeren." Selected and rendered into English by Alma Strettel. London: Lane. 1899.

"Roses and Rue." By Alice Furlong. London: Mathews. 1899.

"English Roses." By F. Harald Williams. London: Simpkin. 1899.

"By Southern Shore." By George Bidder. Westminster: Constable. 1899.

MISS STRETEL, a former collaborator of Carmen Sylva, deserves congratulation for her poetic rendering of M. Verhaeren's peculiar work. Indeed she has certainly improved upon the original, and we look forward to reading untrammelled poetry of her own some day. The childhood of M. Verhaeren, she tells us, "was passed on the banks of the Scheldt, in the midst of the wide-spreading Flemish plains, a country of mist and flood, of dykes and marshes," and she is right in concluding that "the impressions he received from the mysterious, melancholy character of these surroundings have produced a marked and lasting influence upon his work." For this reason, he will never be a popular poet, but many find a gloomy pleasure in the strength of his vivid descriptions and the picturesqueness of his humid landscapes. Let us listen to the poetry of his rain:—

"Rain, with its many wrinkles, the long rain  
With its grey nails, and with its watery mane;  
The long rain of these lands of long ago,  
The rain, eternal in its torpid flow."

And of his snow:—

"Uninterruptedly falls the snow;  
Like meagre, long wool-strands, scant and slow,  
O'er the meagre, long plain disconsolate,  
Cold with lovelessness, warm with hate.  
Infinite, infinite falls the snow."

The mortuary snow so pale,  
The snow, unfruitful and so pale,  
In wild and vagabond tatters hurled  
Through the limitless winter of the world."

But it were unfair to belaud him for the transfiguration of so eloquent a translator.

Roses and rue seem to possess a fatal fascination for the poetaster, and as a title they serve to herald the triteness of Miss Alice Furlong's inspirations. Some of her little verses are not bad in a small way, and one of them, entitled "My King," bears evidence of distant promise. But the reflection is inspired, as by much work of this class, that the same effort might advantageously have been devoted to prose. She has a certain vocabulary, a certain conception of form and effect, which, if devoted, say, to descriptive reporting, would be welcome as a missionary enterprise. Yet, even in that humbler field, she would still have much to learn. Such a line as this, for instance,

"At the heart doth death's dread weight weigh"

recalls such catches as "Punch, conductor, punch with care," or "Food for the frames of the friends in the 'Fram.'" And the rhyming of "was" with "glass" and "grass" suggests an exotic accent, which will have to be extracted before Miss Furlong can take her place in English literature. For the present, we must be content to congratulate her on a quiet, sensible manner, which many versifiers seem to deem incompatible with the fine frenzy of their calling.

We wish we could say as much of Mr. Harald Williams who treats us to a mad salad of "English roses," "Euphrasy and rue," "brake and brier," "wild oats," "blood and milk," and other equally surprising ingredients. His muse is at least prolific. There are 596 pages of "English Roses" and the title-page confesses to three previous effusions. Some of the doggerel is very merry. Under the appropriate heading "Euphrasy and Rue" we have an ode to Dr. Johnson, who is told that without him

"this mighty land  
Were poor indeed, nor worthy of the fate  
Which built it up an archetypal State."

Carried away by his afflatus, the poet Williams soars to still higher flights:—

"An army corps, an India unto thee,  
Girt with the terrors of thy lexicography  
And all the learning of our whole cosmography,  
Were little! For thou art a banyan tree."

So the Doctor is invited "to our Feast of Letters," that he

"may drink wine from the empty skull  
Of some hard publisher, who had his innings  
And sucked the brains of bards for golden winnings."

In the case of this particular bard, we imagine that considerable power of suction would be necessary to bring about an equally desirable result.

That Mr. Bidder's lines are not aggressive is evidently due to their weakness. To borrow from Mr. Parnell, they are nice little effusions for a quiet tea-party. With infinite pains, their successors may find vogue at a mothers' meeting. His chief faults are an obtrusive preference of love to glory, a helpless way of running on his sentences, and a tendency to lapse into doggerel. He is at his worst in a sonnet, particularly in one entitled "Naples, early morning," where he exclaims lamely

"night is gone  
And heathendom is over: Venus, Mars,  
Jupiter, there is one must reign alone."

And here the bathos is intensified by memories of a music-hall chorus:—

"Black they gaze  
And black the thick, dark hair in languor plays  
Over the rounded skin. For me, for me,  
Those lips are swelling, red as death of all the days."  
Occasionally we light upon a pretty conceit, and

some slight appreciations of nature are not without melody and realism, but we scarcely feel justified in encouraging Mr. Bidder to persevere in efforts which assuredly might be less idly employed in other directions.

### NOVELS.

"When the Sleeper Wakes." By H. G. Wells. London: Harper. 1899.

IT is no doubt true, as Mr. Wells laments, that we take very little thought for the remote future, but it is not for want of encouragement at the hands of the story-tellers, some of whom, like Mr. Bellamy, seek to point a moral, while others, like Mr. Wells, are content to adorn a tale. Our prime complaint against this book is that the future proves too much what we should be disposed, upon hasty reflection, to picture it. There is great mechanical progress, but always on existing lines, and the development of ingenious kinetoscopes, flying-machines, phonographs, &c., is presented with so much detail and in such an obvious direction that we are often wearied. Much of the description, too, has the unreality of a nightmare rather than the realism of a romance. However, the story improves as it proceeds and many will persevere to the end. Mr. Wells is to be congratulated on the courage of his imagination, which prefers to play with probability rather than extravagant fancy. He introduces us to no Utopia, but to an England where the gulf between rich and poor, between comfort and misery, has only been widened by the lapse of time. His hero, "the Sleeper," falls into a trance, which lasts for 203 years. During that time his property accumulates at compound interest, until he owns the greater part of the world. It is administered by a council of trustees, who form an oligarchy with very wide powers. No one expects that he will ever wake, scarcely even the down-trodden poor, who regard him as a Barbarossa or King Arthur, destined to arise and deliver them at a chimerical Millennium. Indeed the phrase "when the Sleeper wakes" comes to be used as a synonym for the Greek Kalends. When he does wake, there is sore perplexity, out of which is evolved whatever interest the story possesses.

"The Victim." Translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Georgina Harding. London: Heinemann. 1899.

In the original Italian Gabriele d'Annunzio, like Giosuè Carducci, may earn some slight condonation by a melodious style, and various rich archaisms. But in a hack translation, the neurotic characters, the gruesome and disgusting details, the pestilent unhealthiness stand out unrelieved. We imagine that even the most hardened admirer of the Italian decadent could scarcely plod through this translation without suffering entire disenchantment. That a woman—we do not say a lady—can have hired herself out for such unedifying work almost baffles belief. Pornography we expect from the moderns of the Latin nations, but it is rarely combined in the same book with so much that is nauseating, depressing and demoralising. The hero, Tullio Hermil, a contemptible creature, half crazy with morbid introspection, has a wife, Giuliana, who is long-suffering and hysterical during a long course of cruel neglect. Retribution comes upon him, for he suddenly learns that she is about to become a mother, while the child, as is explained with full crudity of detail, cannot possibly be his. After this we suffer, with him, the full tedium of his minutest emotions, we assist at the birth and death of the child, and we hesitate to pronounce whether the medical details or the mental dissections are the more sickening. The hero finally murders the baby by holding it out of window on a cold night, while the heroine has been praying, at his instigation, that Heaven may see fit to remove it. Nor are the nauseating descriptions which the author elaborates intended to disgust us with crime and vice; he evidently sympathises with his sorry puppets.

"The Green Field: a Novel of the Midlands." By Neil Wynn Williams. London: Chapman and Hall. 1899.

"The Green Field" is a study of the green passion in rustic environment—of jealousy that leads a lout to the gallows and through which a somewhat ingenuous young woman, the daughter of an elderly clergyman, passes to a conventional marriage and to absorption in her uninteresting husband's personality. The book is tedious; but the result of reading it is a mental picture such as the author probably purposed to create. Occasional flashes of original thought impart an iridescent glow to the sluggish course of the narrative proper. Its attempts at intellectuality are occasionally a little stodgy. Here is a not unfavourable example of the author's style: "Nature heaves the imagination and its superimposed intellect slowly upwards with the lever of *jealousy*, and the passions flow redly in." The village of Cavenham must have been colonised by the peasantry of Craigenputtock and our author must have lived within its benighted borders many years.

"Tom-All-Alone." By Amelia M. Barker. London: Macqueen. 1899.

The opening part of this story is strong in its delineation of a waif, a sad little London Arab—abandoned by his parents. Throughout the interest centres on the hero, who, after his deliverance from destitution, achieves, through his indomitable honesty and firmness, wealth and position, falls in love with a "Society" beauty, enriches her impoverished family, but meets with no return for his unbounded affection and lavish generosity. He is finally struck down by a street accident, carried to a poor home, where he is tended carefully by the weary woman-toiler who found him unconscious in the street. He dies, but not before he faintly recognised the one human being who gave him kindly words in his destitute childhood; the only living creature who cared for him, and not his wealth. The other personages in the book are but puppets, who hold the narrative together; the heroine, so-called, is surely an impossible bit of wickedness!

"The Vibart Affair." By George Manville Fenn. London: Pearson. 1899.

"The Vibart Affair" starts with a barrister who drives from an "office" in Gray's Inn to address juries with impassioned eloquence at the Old Bailey. That he has a secret sorrow is divulged in the first chapter, that everyone else in the book has a secret of some kind is a discovery that dawns by degrees. The secrets, however, consisting chiefly of criminal brothers, drunken wives, and other social attractions, conveniently centre themselves in a single house, which is also frequented by Nihilists, with the result that one fine day a timely bomb bursts and separates the sheep, who live happily ever after, from the goats, who die in fragments under its discriminating influence. The book is fully up to the average of works of its kind by its author and others.

"The Faith that Kills." By Emeric Hulme-Beaman. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1899.

With all due respect to Mr. Hulme-Beaman, and reverence to that other one who, as Mr. Hulme-Beaman puts it, "had a wizard's art in words" and who has treated of it elsewhere, a suicide club in Modern London is unrealisable. In "The Faith that Kills" it adds very little, except an element of impossibility, to a story which, up to a certain point, is readable and interesting, but which hardly claims, but for the club, a place in the domain of fantastic fiction. Val Asher weds a wife with a scantiness of knowledge of her antecedents hard to credit in these days, and she turns out to be all that the reader readily infers from the author's rather plain hints. In the Suicide Club her husband dies, but for some reason it is preferred that his death should anticipate his compliance with the club rules; presumably the title given to the novel is responsible for this detail.



"The Man and his Kingdom." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. London: Ward, Lock. 1899.

Some day a really inventive person will write of a South American Republic or a German Principality, which is not upon the brink of revolution or bankruptcy, and in which an adventurous Englishman does not gain the hand of the daughter, or other near female relative, of the president, or reigning prince as the case may be, but is triumphantly slain by a populace which resents his departure from a conventional career. "The Man and his Kingdom" at least approaches the ideal of originality suggested to the extent that there are in it an Englishman and an Englishwoman who come to unexpected ends.

"In the King's Favour." By J. E. Muddock. London: Digby, Long. 1899.

The battle of Flodden Field was fought in 1513, so our histories tell us and Mr. Muddock reminds us, and to Flodden Field he takes us in the company of various warlike personages—who conscientiously converse in the ponderous style that we associate with the Middle Ages—and of a page whose identity it would be unfair to discover prematurely to the reader. "In the King's Favour" would be an excellent gift-book for a deserving boy.

"My Invisible Partner." By Thomas S. Denison. London: Gay and Bird. 1899.

In a preface to "My Invisible Partner" the author raises expectations which in the subsequent pages are woefully disappointed. Mr. Denison cannot be congratulated upon having presented George Warren's psychical experiences in a convincing light or upon having invested the adventures which resulted from them with any deep interest. The scene of the story is laid in New Mexico; but so indistinct is the local colouring that it might equally well have been in New Wandsworth.

"Lone Pine." By R. B. Townshend. London: Methuen. 1899.

This is a long drawn-out story of Americans, Mexicans and Red Indians. There is some photographic verisimilitude in the Indians, but they live and move in a dreary waste of tiresome incidents. The author vainly tries to brighten his pages by a copious infusion of gory scenes, just as the feeblest painters of the pseudo-realist school use lurid colouring to conceal the shortcomings of their art.

"Iris—the Avenger." By Florence Marryat. London: Hutchinson. 1899.

Miss Florence Marryat works on old lines. The day has gone by in which such a story as "Iris—the Avenger" can hope for a welcome from the cultured reader. There is little or no character study in these pages, and merely one or two startling incidents. It ends in the "Avenger" finding nothing to avenge.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"The Philippines and Round About." By Major G. F. Young-husband. London: Macmillan. 1899.

"The Philippine Islands." By John Foreman. Second revised and enlarged edition. London: Sampson Low. 1899.

These two books contain all that the majority of people interested in the fate of the Philippines will want to know about the resources, the history, and the present position of affairs in the archipelago. Mr. Foreman's work has already passed through one edition; it is packed with information, now brought up to date, which only one who has been so closely associated with the Philippines could hope to command. Major Young-husband writes as a recent traveller accustomed to taking a rapid but far from superficial view of countries passing through a state of crisis. Two things are clear: first, that Spanish maladministration in the Philippines had become intolerable; second, that Aguinaldo, the young and able leader of the rebellion against Spain, has been badly treated by America. In his innocence he believed that when the Spaniards whom he had practically beaten single-handed withdrew from the islands, the Filipinos would be permitted to establish an independent government. Our sympathies throughout must be with Aguinaldo. At the moment when Spain ceded the Philippines to the United States the islands were hardly Spain's to cede. If Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish forces in Philippine waters, Aguinaldo had driven them into a corner on

land, and Aguinaldo was the person to be reckoned with, as the Americans have found to their cost. Possibly Spain did not fail to extract a measure of grim satisfaction from the knowledge. Mr. Foreman is wholly pro-American and hopes the Filipinos are about to enter upon "a new era of prosperity and contentment under the protecting mantle of the greatest Republic the world has yet seen;" but Major Younghusband has his doubts whether the Americans after a period of trial will not consider it worth their while to dispose of their possessions in the Far East. As the new masters of the Philippines—when they are masters of them—will have inaugurated their control under circumstances of suspicion and misunderstanding, we cannot pretend to regard the prospect with much confidence. When the United States have asserted their authority by force of arms they will be face to face with problems which even "the greatest Republic" will not find easy of solution.

"The Sinking of the 'Merrimac.'" By Richmond Pearson Hobson. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

It was with a thrill of genuine admiration that the world received the first tidings of the sinking of the "Merrimac" at the entrance to Santiago Harbour. Unheroic and vulgar as have been the subsequent adventures of the hero, it is surprising to find that the narrative of how the idea of sinking the "Merrimac" was conceived, how the vessel was swiftly prepared for the purpose, and how the plucky deed was accomplished is written with unimpeachable modesty. What is perhaps more important, it is written with skill. No attempt is made to enthrall the reader by lurid adjectives; on the contrary the whole story is set forth with the utmost reticence. Yet he will be a surprisingly stolid man who can read this simple narrative without a catching of the breath and a quickened pulse. That the attempt to block the exit of the Spanish fleet proved a failure does not lessen the heroism of Hobson and his crew; neither does it diminish the interest of the tale. Everything was done that Hobson and his men could do to sink the vessel at the narrowest part of the channel; and if Admiral Sampson had accepted the suggestion that guncotton should be used inside the vessel as well as torpedoes outside, there is every reason to believe the exploit would have had a complete success. No attempt, however, is made to discredit the Admiral; for there is nothing more commendable in this volume than the generous spirit which the hero exhibits. This is particularly noticeable in his description of the Spanish officers, and the manner in which they treated their heroic prisoners. From Admiral Cervera down to the rank and file of the Spanish army the Americans received the most courteous treatment, and it is not the least admirable of Mr. Hobson's qualities that he acknowledges this courtesy in the handsomest manner. As a result one feels that if the matters in dispute between Spain and America had been left in the hands of chivalrous men of action instead of dishonest politicians, the "Merrimac," and much else, would never have needed to be sunk.

"The Naval Annual, 1899." Edited by T. A. Brassey. Portsmouth: J. Griffin and Co.

When Lord Brassey in 1886 initiated the useful series of which this is the thirteenth volume public interest in the Navy had been revived by the line almost universally adopted by the Press in urging an increase to our fleet. A cordial welcome therefore greeted a volume which gave a summary of naval progress during the year, and some information on foreign fleets. Additional interest was imparted to later issues by obtaining the assistance of foreign writers to deal with continental navies, and when circumstances rendered it necessary for Lord Brassey to give up his personal supervision of the work it was continued under the able editorship of his son. The present volume maintains the high standard of former numbers; for if M. Weyl, the best writer in France on naval matters, has temporarily withdrawn his support, we have an excellent summary of the remarkable development which has taken place in the United States Navy since 1890 from the pen of Lieutenant-Commander Beehler, an officer of the Naval Intelligence Office at Washington. More interesting perhaps to the general reader here is the account of gunboat operations on the Nile during the late campaign, as little hitherto has been published about them. We would suggest that a special feature of the "Naval Annual" should be a narrative of all operations in which the fleet has been engaged during the year. The Benin expedition was purely naval and highly creditable to all concerned as an example of rapid organisation and execution; but it did not find a place in the "Naval Annual." We have, however, an account of the Spanish-American war written by a soldier who doubtless is as well qualified to deal with such a subject as the civilian expert. But where are the naval writers? In addition to useful tables giving particulars of the warships of all nations the volume contains illustrations of some of them which are admirably executed.

"The Chord: a Quarterly devoted to Music." No. I. London: At the Sign of the Unicorn. 1899.

The new musical journal, aptly named "The Chord," appears auspiciously. There is ample room for the new venture. Of stimulus and suggestiveness there is no deficiency in "The Chord." It has all the qualities of youth—some of those

qualities, perhaps, in excess—and there is much that is engaging and awakening in its presentation of new aspects of musical work and practice. Opera and oratorio, choral societies, musical festivals, the modern orchestra, these are subjects of interest to the musical world at the present moment, and it is as living and momentous subjects, not as academical or historical matters for elegant essay-writing, that they are treated by various contributors to "The Chord." We note, with satisfaction, that the new musical quarterly aims at representing the living present, and is not designed for the professional world of music only, nor for the amateur, but for the whole body of music-lovers. The writer of the article on "The Provincial Musical Festival" reveals with a sure hand the signal defect of the festival system as a means of encouraging music. Messrs. Joseph Crouch and Edmund Butler put forth, in an admirable paper, their idea of a music-room in a few pages of excellent good sense and taste. Mr. Runciman's first instalment of a criticism of "The Orchestra and its Degeneration" is a vigorous indictment of certain vicious disabilities in the modern orchestra. Of vigour, indeed, and the passion for regenerating and reforming things musical, there is no lack in "The Chord." In one article—that on the oratorios of Perosi—there is a superfluity of energy. "Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?" In spite of the booming of Perosi, on which the writer is eloquently profuse, Perosi has come and is gone, and there's an end of him. Had he been an Anglican-curate he would never have been heard, or heard of. Altogether, however, "The Chord" merits a hearty reception at the hands of all who are interested in the prosperity of music.

"Memorial Catalogue of the Burns Exhibition." Glasgow: Hodge and Co. and Annan and Sons. 1898.

Admirably printed and containing many plates of high excellence the memorial of the great commemorative Burns Exhibition held in Glasgow in 1896 cannot fail to be highly appreciated by all lovers of the poet and his works. All who had the privilege of seeing the Exhibition itself are aware how much time and thought went to make it the great success it undoubtedly was, but it required some such memorial as this to make it clear how complete was the collection in itself and how admirable the arrangement of all its parts. To apportion the credit for what was done would be an invidious task. The list of all those who contributed in any capacity is here for posterity to consult, and one name and one only it occurs to us to specifically recall, that of Mr. W. Craik Angus, in whose mind the conception of the Exhibition arose and whose personality dominated the whole. No greater enthusiast than he could be named either then or now and none will grudge him a special mention in this notice of the catalogue. The Exhibition aimed at bringing together all the portraits, pictures, books and relics that illustrated the life of the national poet of Scotland, and how completely this was accomplished the handsome volume now before us amply testifies.

"Haunts and Hobbies of an Indian Official." By Mark Thornhill. London: Murray, 1899.

In a previous work Mr. Mark Thornhill has given us a page out of the Indian Mutiny. In contrast with the stirring incidents of that time he now describes the uneventful every-day life in a peaceful up-country station, before the railway and the blue-book and the globe-trotter and the special correspondent had penetrated all the quiet corners and changed the fashion of life. Indian officials did not live in those days under the high pressure of modern administration. They had leisure to observe and to gain an intimacy which ripened into affection for their animate and inanimate surroundings. Mr. Thornhill breathed such an atmosphere. There are in his pages many curious bits of native folklore and character-sketches of the camp, the bungalow and the garden, and pictures of Nature in her varying aspects which cannot fail to interest those who would like to get a glimpse of the life which Europeans lived in rural India in the generation which is now passing away.

"Mediaeval Towns: Nuremberg." By Cecil Headlam. London: Dent. 1899.

A dainty little volume worthy of the series to which it belongs. The most characteristic city in Germany, Nuremberg reflects every phase in the history of the Fatherland. For long the centre of trade, she was for a time the chief home of art and song among all German cities. For any town to have produced Hans Sachs and Albrecht Durer is enough to entitle it to a high place in the roll of fame. So many English pass through Nuremberg every year that such a monograph as this is highly desirable, and Mr. Headlam has done his work so well that all intelligent inquirers will find their wants catered for here without being oppressed by superfluous details. There are some excellent illustrations drawn by Miss James, or reproduced from photos by Captain Gladstone.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets." Illustrated by Henry Ospovat. John Lane. The Bodley Head. 1899.

No one could desire an edition of the Sonnets more tastefully and charmingly got up than this, and though it can hardly be said that Mr. Ospovat's exquisite illustrations supply the place of introduction and notes, yet many will be thankful for them.

Whoever wishes to be his own commentator and desires simply to possess a sound and beautifully printed text will do well to possess himself of this delightful little volume.

"The Flowing Bowl." By Edward Spencer (Nathaniel Gubbins). London: Grant Richards. 1899.

Mr. Spencer's knowledge of "drinks of all kinds and of all periods" and his acquaintance with the argot of his subject are extensive and peculiar. His book is amusing, but by no means elegant or important. One almost trembles, however, at the possible effects of his recipes on the experimental temperament.

"Paris-Hachette, 1899," adopts as its motto "Paris tout entier sous la main," and that in effect it is. It contains over fifteen hundred pages of references to professions, businesses, persons, and places. From a doctor to a tramway, from the President of the Republic to the President of the Syndicat Français de l'Industrie Générale du Cycle, from the General Staff to a general dealer everything that appertains to the capital of France seems to find reference in "Paris-Hachette." In a volume however, which bears evidence of extraordinary industry and only reaches us in May, it is surprising to find M. Faure still given as President. Possibly the very magnitude of the work has rendered revision up-to-date impossible.

M. Émile Olivier's account of the battles of Magenta and Solferino ("Revue des Deux Mondes," 15 May: "Napoléon III. Général en Chef") leaves the impression that Louis Napoleon had considerable military ability, but was subject to what might almost be called moods of incapacity. Solferino was won largely by Napoleon's sound strategy, but Magenta in spite of his weakness. In other words, Louis Napoleon the soldier was no exception to the man generally. He was not, as his uncle, primarily a man of action.

For This Week's Books see page 668.

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E. BOUCHER, PAUL DREYFUS (alternate J. L. BERGSON).  
W. F. LANCE (alternate A. HERSHENSON).  
P. GERLICH (alternate J. L. KUHLMANN).  
HEAD OFFICE: Grusonwerk Buildings, Johannesburg, P.O. Box 413.  
LONDON OFFICE: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

## REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH, 1899.

## EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamps.		Milled, 19,110 Tons.	
WORKING EXPENSES.			
	Cost.		Cost per ton.
To Mining ... ..	£6,612 9 2		6s. 11 <sup>0</sup> / <sub>4</sub> d.
" Hauling and Pumping ... ..	438 0 2		os. 5 <sup>0</sup> / <sub>4</sub> d.
" Sorting, Trimming and Crushing ... ..	624 6 9		os. 7 <sup>8</sup> / <sub>4</sub> d.
" Development ... ..	1,150 7 4		1s. 2 <sup>4</sup> / <sub>4</sub> d.
" Milling ... ..	1,538 4 10		1s. 7 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> d.
" Cyaniding Concentrates ... ..	281 11 11		os. 3 <sup>5</sup> / <sub>3</sub> d.
" " Tailings ... ..	1,480 17 1		1s. 6 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> d.
" Mill Water Supply ... ..	226 11 2		os. 2 <sup>8</sup> / <sub>4</sub> d.
" Maintenance ... ..	3,191 4 4		3s. 4 <sup>0</sup> / <sub>9</sub> d.
" Charges ... ..	438 10 9		os. 5 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub> d.
" Slimes Treatment (current) ... ..	458 7 5		os. 5 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>5</sub> d.
	16,440 10 11		17s. 2 <sup>4</sup> / <sub>4</sub> d.
" Slimes Treatment (accumulated) ... ..	272 3 0		os. 3 <sup>4</sup> / <sub>17</sub> d.
	16,712 13 11		17s. 5 <sup>8</sup> / <sub>9</sub> d.
" Profit for Month ... ..	26,984 15 9		3os. 4 <sup>0</sup> / <sub>17</sub> d.
	£45,697 9 8		47s. 9 <sup>0</sup> / <sub>8</sub> d.

## REVENUE.

	Value.	Value per ton.
By Gold from Mill	7,437 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs., valued	£27,010 0 0
From Tailings—	3,455 <sup>30</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs., valued	11,681 0 0
From Concentrates—	1,351 <sup>45</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs., valued	4,575 0 0
From Slimes—	414 <sup>83</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs., valued	1,512 0 0
By Products sold .....	295 9 8	29s. 9 <sup>8</sup> / <sub>8</sub> d.
From Slimes (accumulated)—	171 <sup>27</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs., valued	624 0 0
	£45,697 9 8	47s. 9 <sup>0</sup> / <sub>8</sub> d.

The Cost and Value per Ton are worked out on the basis of the Tonnage Milled.

## EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE (including Capital Expenditure).

To Working Expenses (as above) .....	£16,712 13 11
" Slimes Plant .....	648 10 3
" New No. 2 Pumping Station .....	13 1 0
" Electric Plant .....	264 9 2
" Plant, General, &c. .....	827 10 11
" Rock Drill Plant .....	94 12 0
" Battery .....	893 2 6
" Cyanide Works .....	79 2 10
" Tram Plant .....	13 15 0
" Water Shaft and Dam .....	366 12 4
" Buildings .....	182 17 0
" Rand Compressor .....	700 0 0
" Balance .....	20,790 7 5
	£45,697 9 8

By Gold from Mill, Tailings, Concentrates and Slimes, valued £45,697 9 8

## MINE DEVELOPMENT.

Drives .....	244 feet.
Sinking Winzes .....	19 "

Total footage per month 163 "

The ore developed by the above footage was 48,673 tons.

## SORTING.

Ore raised from the Mine .....	26,265 tons.
Waste sorted out (equal to 26 <sup>26</sup> / <sub>100</sub> per cent.) .....	6,898 "
Sorted ore sent to mill .....	19,367 "
Ore in bins at Battery 1st March .....	2,096 "

Ore crushed for March 21,463 "

Balance in bins 1st April 2,353 "

## MILL.

120 Stamps ran 30 days 8 hours crushing .....	19,110 tons.
Tons crushed per Stamp per 24 hours .....	5 <sup>25</sup> / <sub>3</sub> "
Bullion yield .....	7,437 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs.
Bullion yield per ton .....	7 <sup>78</sup> / <sub>5</sub> dwts.

## CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons treated .....	Tailings, 12,018	Concentrates, 1,680
Bullion yield .....	3,455 <sup>30</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs.	1,351 <sup>45</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs.
Bullion yield per ton .....	5 <sup>75</sup> / <sub>3</sub> dwts.	16 <sup>11</sup> / <sub>3</sub> dwts.
Working cost per ton treated .....	2 s. 5 <sup>28</sup> / <sub>3</sub> d.	3 s. 4 <sup>22</sup> / <sub>3</sub> d.

## SLIMES PLANT.

Tons treated .....	Current, 4,002 tons	Accumulated, 1,654 tons.
Bullion yield .....	414 <sup>83</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs.	171 <sup>27</sup> / <sub>3</sub> ozs.
Bullion yield per ton .....	2 <sup>07</sup> / <sub>3</sub> dwts.	2 <sup>07</sup> / <sub>3</sub> dwts.
Working cost per ton treated .....	2 s. 3 <sup>49</sup> / <sub>3</sub> d.	3 s. 3 <sup>49</sup> / <sub>3</sub> d.

The treatment of accumulated Slimes was started early in the month, but owing to very slow settlement only 1,654 tons were treated. To provide for more settling area it has been found necessary to add two more tanks of 1,000 tons capacity each. These are now in course of erection. The low recovery of Gold from the Slimes

Works is due to when starting the treatment of accumulated Slimes leadfoil was put into all of the extractor boxes, causing the Gold when precipitating to be distributed over double the quantity of leadfoil than formerly, thus not being recoverable until later.

## TOTAL YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold, dwts. grains.
Mill .....	Tons. 19,110	ozs. 7,437 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	6 17 <sup>05</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
Cyanide (Tailings) .....	12,018	3,455 <sup>30</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	2 21 <sup>65</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
" (Concentrates) .....	1,680	1,351 <sup>45</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	1 3 <sup>28</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
Slimes (Current) .....	4,002	414 <sup>83</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	0 9 <sup>01</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
Slimes (Accumulated) .....	1,654	12,661 <sup>31</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	11 2 <sup>99</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
		171 <sup>27</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	0 3 <sup>72</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
		12,832 <sup>58</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	11 6 <sup>71</sup> / <sub>3</sub>

In addition to the above Litharge was sold containing 78<sup>18</sup>/<sub>100</sub> fine ozs. of Gold.

## FEBRUARY YIELD.

	Bullion.	Fine Gold.	Per Ton crushed, Fine Gold, dwts. grains.
Mill .....	Tons. 17,004	ozs. 6,770 <sup>03</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	6 19 <sup>86</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
Cyanide (Tailings) .....	10,979	3,155 <sup>95</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	3 1 <sup>08</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
" (Concentrates) .....	1,400	1,150 <sup>00</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	1 2 <sup>63</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
Slimes .....	3,877	693 <sup>75</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	0 17 <sup>00</sup> / <sub>3</sub>
		11,760 <sup>73</sup> / <sub>3</sub>	11 16 <sup>57</sup> / <sub>3</sub>

JOHANNESBURG, 18th April, 1899.

P. C. HAW, Secretary.

## RANDFONTEIN ESTATES GOLD MINING COMPANY, WITWATERSRAND, LIMITED.

NOTICE is hereby given that the SHARE CERTIFICATES and SHARE WARRANTS to BEARER in respect of the recent issue of 500,000 new shares in this Company are now ready for delivery at the Office of their London Agents, the ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C., in exchange for the Banker's receipts and the Allotment Letters, duly endorsed.

1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, E.C., 23rd May, 1899.

## BONANZA, LIMITED.

DIVIDEND No. 5.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS of SHARE WARRANTS to BEARER are informed that they will receive payment, on or after MONDAY, 5 June, 1899, of Dividend No. 5 (55 per cent., i.e., 11s. per share) after surrender of COUPON No. 5 at the London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or at the Head Office at Johannesburg.

Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination, and may be lodged any day (Saturdays excepted) between the hours of 11 A.M. and 2 P.M.

Listing Forms may be had on application.

By Order, ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., 25th May, 1899.

## ROYAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION OF CRUELTY to ANIMALS.

Owing to the Society's operations the statutes made for the protection of animals have been enacted and enforced. It is an educational and punitive agency. It disseminates in schools, and among persons having the care of dumb animals, upwards of one hundred different kinds of journals, leaflets, pamphlets, and small books, all of which are designed to teach the proper treatment of domestic animals, and the duty and profitability of kindness to them. By its officers, who are engaged in all parts of England, it cautions or punishes persons guilty of offences. Thus, while its primary object is the protection of creatures which minister to man's wants, it is obvious that in no small degree it seeks to elevate human nature.

Persons who desire to be made acquainted with further particulars, showing the persuasive and educational measures or punitive proceedings taken by the Society to prevent cruelty to animals, should apply to the Secretary or to all booksellers for its monthly illustrated journals, "The Animal World," price 4d., and "The Band of Mercy," price 4d.; also to the Secretary for its annual report, price 1s. for non-members; also for books, pamphlets, leaflets, and other literature published by the Society, a catalogue of which may be had gratis; also for copies of its monthly return of convictions, or also its cautionary placards, which will be sent gratis to applicants who offer to distribute them usefully. Address, No. 105 Jermyn Street.

MONTHLY RETURN OF CONVICTIONS (not including those obtained by the police or by kindred societies) obtained during the month ending May 15, 1899, as follows:—

Working horses and donkeys in an unfit state .....	280
Beating &c. horses, donkeys, cattle, dogs, and cats .....	79
Overloading and overdriving horses .....	7
Travelling horses, cattle, and sheep when lame .....	9
Starving horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, rabbits, and fowls by withholding food .....	16
Abandoning horses and cattle when injured .....	2
Wounding horse by inserting stick into body .....	1
Overstocking cows .....	2
Neglecting to kill cattle when injured aboard ship .....	1
Exposing sheep during inclement weather .....	2
Conveying cattle and sheep on improperly appointed ships .....	6
Overcrowding pigs in railway truck .....	1
Castrating cat improperly .....	1
Conveying fowls improperly in cart .....	1
Wounding fowls by tying legs too tightly .....	1
Shooting, taking, &c., wild birds during close season .....	7
Causing in above (owners) .....	180
Laying poisoned grain on land and selling poisoned grain .....	2

During 1899 up to last return 598

Total for the present year 3101

Thirty-three offenders were committed to prison (full costs paid by the Society), 565 offenders paid pecuniary penalties (penalties are not received by the Society). The above return is irrespective of the assistance rendered to the police in cases not requiring the personal attendance of our officers.

The Committee invite the co-operation and support of the public. Besides duty, relays of officers watch all-night traffic in the streets of London. Printed suggestions may be had on application to the undersigned.

ANONYMOUS COMPLAINTS OF CRUELTY ARE NOT ACTED ON.

The names of correspondents are not given up when letters are marked "Private." Cheques and Post Orders should be made payable to the Secretary, to whom all letters should be addressed. The Society is GREATLY IN NEED OF FUNDS.

JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

105 Jermyn Street, London.

The above return is published (1) to inform the public of the nature and extent of acts of cruelty to animals discovered by the Society in England and Wales; (2) to show the Society's efforts to suppress that cruelty by statutory law; (3) to prompt the police and constabulary to apply the Statutes in similar offences; and (4) to make the law known and respected, and to warn cruelly disposed persons against breaking it. Officers are not permitted to lay information, except as directed by the Secretary on written evidence.



## ROSE DEEP, LIMITED

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In 425,000 Shares of £1 each, all Issued.

## Directorate.

G. ROULIOT ( <i>Chairman</i> )	Alternate	J. P. FITZPATRICK.
J. S. CURTIS	"	J. E. SHARP.
H. A. ROGERS	"	W. H. ROGERS.
E. BIRKENRUTH.		
F. ECKSTEIN.		
H. DUVAL.		

## London Committee.

C. RUBE.	L. WAGNER.	L. SARTORIS.
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## General Manager.

G. E. WEBBER.

## Manager at Mine.

L. PEDERSEN.

## Secretary.

F. RALEIGH.

## London Secretary.

A. MOIR.

## Head Office.

47 ECKSTEIN'S BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.

## London Office.

120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

## DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT

FOR THE THREE MONTHS ENDING

31st MARCH, 1899.

## To the Shareholders.

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for the Three Months ending 31st March, 1899, which show a total profit of £89,615 2s. 8d.

## MINE.

Number of feet Driven, Sunk and Risen, exclusive of Stopes	1,193 feet.
Ore Developed	90,524 tons.
Ore Mined	105,738 tons.
Ore taken from Surface Dumps	604 tons.
	106,342 tons.
Less Waste sorted out (19'029 per cent.)	20,236 tons.
	86,106 tons.

## MILL.

Tons Delivered	86,106 tons.
Less added to Stock in Mill Bins	1,006 tons.
	85,100 tons.
Tons Crushed	85,100 tons.
Number of days (24 hours) working an average of 200 stamps	81 $\frac{7}{8}$ days.
Tons crushed per stamp per 25 hours	5'234 tons.
Tons in Mill Bins on 31st March, 1899	1,006 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	25,575'178 ozs.
Yield per Ton in Fine Gold	6'010 dwts.

## CYANIDE WORKS.

## SANDS AND CONCENTRATES.

Tons Sands and Concentrates treated (equal to 74'274 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	63,208 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	15,278'706 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	4'834 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	3'390 dwts.

## SLIMES.

Tons Slimes treated (equal to 24'377 per cent. of the tonnage milled)	20,745 tons.
Yield in Fine Gold	2,275'645 ozs.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton treated	2'193 dwts.
Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	'534 dwts.

## TOTAL YIELD.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources	43,129'529 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis	10'136 dwts.
Total Yield in Bullion Gold from all sources	30,243'304 ozs.

## WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 85,100 tons milled.

DR.	Cost.	Cost per Ton.
To Mining Expenses	£61,264 14 11	£0 14 4'779
" Milling Expenses	13,970 8 2	0 3 3'399
" Cyaniding Expenses	12,271 1 9	0 2 10'607
" General Expenses	3,116 5 2	0 0 8'788
" Head Office Expenses	886 7 10	0 0 2'499
	91,508 17 10	1 1 6'074
" Profit	89,615 2 8	1 1 0'733
	£181,124 0 6	2 2 6'808

## CR.

By Gold Account—	Value.	Value per Ton.
Mill	£107,561 16 0	£1 5 3'347
Cyanide Works	73,562 4 6	0 17 3'461
	£181,124 0 6	2 2 6'808

NOTE.—A portion of the above profit is subject to the new tax of 5 per cent. which has been imposed by the Government of the South African Republic.

## GENERAL.

The Capital Expenditure for the period under review has amounted to £7,305 2s. 2d.

By order of the Board,

F. RALEIGH,  
SECRETARY.Head Office, Johannesburg,  
April, 1899.

## BONANZA, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the FIFTH ANNUAL ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders will be held in the Board Room, Exploration Buildings, Johannesburg, on 20th June, 1899, at noon, for the following purposes:—

- To receive and consider the statement of Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to 30th April, 1899.
- To elect Directors in the places of Messrs. F. Eckstein, E. Birkenruth, F. Mosenthal, C. S. Goldmann, and W. T. Graham, who retire in terms of the Trust Deed, and, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.
- To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration of the present Auditors.
- To transact any business arising out of the Directors' Report, and for any other ordinary business of the Company.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER wishing to be represented at the Meeting must deposit their shares at the places and within the times following:—

- At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- At the London Transfer Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

By Order,

ANDREW MOIR,  
LONDON SECRETARY.

London Office:

120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.  
May 16, 1899.

# AURORA WEST UNITED GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

## REPORT OF DIRECTORS

For the Year ending January 31, 1899, submitted at the Third Annual General Meeting of Shareholders, held in the Board Room, Colonnade Buildings, Johannesburg, on Thursday, April 25, 1899, at 3.30 o'clock.

GENTLEMEN,—Your Directors have pleasure in submitting their Third Annual Report on the Company's affairs, together with the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account made up to January 31, 1899, and duly audited.

The area of the property has been increased by six claims, lying to the north of the mine, purchased during the year at a cost of £574 15s. 2d., for depositing site: these claims have no mining value.

During the year under review the development of the mine has been continued, and the equipment of the mine on a 40-stamp basis completed, with the result that the mill started crushing on February 1 with 242,226 tons of ore developed in the mine.

The financial position of the Company is clearly set forth in the statements laid before you. The amount in hand at the commencement of the year, viz., £71,235, has not, as was expected, been found sufficient to cover the cost of development and equipment work up to the time of starting of the battery.

The extra expenditure has been caused (1) by certain machinery not coming to hand as expected; (2) the consequent delay of several months in starting the mill, and (3) the extra development work conducted during the period of delay, together with the fact of the general equipment being carried out on an enlarged scale in view of increased stamping power in the immediate future.

Mr. J. A. White's seat on the Board having become vacant, Mr. X. Hoffer was appointed a member of the Board of Directors in his stead.

Messrs. X. Hoffer and M. Luebeck retire by rotation from the Directorate, but being eligible offer themselves for re-election.

The auditors (Messrs. W. St. John Carr and Henry Hains) retire, and offer themselves for reappointment.

We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

G. ALBU,  
A. HART,  
H. F. STRANGE, } Directors.

Johannesburg: April 18, 1899.

## BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 31, 1899.

To Capital—	Balance.	Since	Balance.	Total.
250,000 Shares at £1	Jan. 31, 1898.	Added.	January 31, 1899.	
Bills Payable	£123,911 5 0	£574 15 2	£124,486 0 2	
Standard Bank	35,846 12 0	26,678 19 5	£62,525 11 5	
Sundry Creditors		6,082 3 6	6,082 3 6	
Profit and Loss				68,607 14 11
By Property ...				
Development				
Ore at Grass				
Machinery and Plant—				
Battery	1,820 0 0	23,968 3 5	25,788 3 5	
Cyanide	399 9 8	10,391 13 3	10,791 2 11	
Electrical	1,051 7 9	3,546 16 11	4,598 4 8	
New Main Shaft	9,069 0 1	1,966 0 6	11,065 0 7	
East Shaft	917 11 9	28 5 0	945 16 9	
West Shaft	1,319 0 0	52 5 0	1,371 5 0	
Mine	165 9 4	163 17 7	329 6 11	
Old	920 0 0	184 6 1	1,104 6 1	
Rock Drill	3,633 17 1	1,464 10 0	5,104 7 1	
Tramway	1,120 6 6	896 8 10	2,016 15 4	
Workshop	2,519 16 2	707 15 0	3,227 11 2	
Sorting and Breaker		5,512 3 5	5,512 3 5	
Buildings	10,467 15 4	6,955 1 4	17,422 16 8	71,254 3 4
Permanent Works—				17,422 16 8
New Main Shaft and Stations	4,401 15 8	2,004 15 1	6,406 10 9	
East Shaft	1,139 19 0	340 5 5	1,480 4 5	
West Shaft	500 0 0		500 0 0	
Embankment Bridge	104 9 8		104 9 8	
Joint Dam		4,084 19 0	4,084 19 0	
Tailings, Dams and Reservoirs		3,369 4 7	3,369 4 7	
Stores	2,532 6 2	170 19 0	2,703 5 2	15,945 8 5
Furniture	418 1 4	55 13 2	473 14 6	2,703 5 2
Live Stock, Vehicles, &c.	202 6 6	45 0 0	247 6 6	473 14 6
Survey and Drawing Instruments	122 0 0		122 0 0	247 6 6
Laboratory Appliances	106 13 9		106 13 9	122 0 0
Sundry Debtors				106 13 9
Cash at Mine				9 10 0
				1,329 10 11
	£303,408 4 4			£303,408 4 4

Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, per E. Wilkinson, Secretaries.

We hereby certify that we have examined and compared the books and vouchers of the Aurora West United Gold Mining Company, Limited, and that the above Balance Sheet is a true and correct statement of the Company's affairs as at January 31, 1899.

Johannesburg: April 18, 1899.

G. ALBU, } Directors.  
A. HART,  
W. ST. JOHN CARR, } Auditors.  
HENRY HAINS,

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for Twelve Months, from January 31, 1898, to January 31, 1899.

To Advertising and Printing	By Balance, January 31, 1898	By Balance, January 31, 1898
Audit Fees	£129 13 6	£22,468 9 0
Interest and Exchange	52 10 0	194 15 5
Insurance—Fire	430 4 0	
Accident	400 7 9	
Office Expenses, London	418 2 8	
Survey Fees	288 13 5	
Directors' Fees	38 3 6	
Licences and Mynpacht Dues	183 15 0	
Law Charges	494 4 3	
Miscellaneous Expenses	126 4 7	
Mines Audit	279 3 8	
Travelling Expenses	57 1 6	
Salaries	500 0 0	
Balance	19,250 0 7	
	£22,663 4 5	£22,663 4 5

Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, per E. Wilkinson, Secretaries.

Examined and found correct,

G. ALBU, } Directors.  
A. HART,  
W. ST. JOHN CARR, } Auditors.  
HENRY HAINS,

Johannesburg: April 18, 1899.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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